Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 198. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

"BONAR" IN FORM.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each, brand new; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

Gentleman's dark morning coat and trousers, 36in., 5ft. 6in., 17s. 6d.—Box 9272, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Dark lounge suit, never worn, waist 35½in., chest 41in., inside leg 31in., cost 55s., take 30s., cash only, bargain; cards ignored.—Box 9273, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Superior dinner jacket dress suit, chest 34in., waist 32in., cost £6 6s., new condition, sacrifice 30s.—Box 9274, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Fashionable grey summer overcoat, part lined silk, chest 38in., by Nichols, sacrifice 30s.—Box 9275, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Superior dark grey morning suit, chest 40in., waist 38in., leg 29in., by West End tailor, cost 4½gs., worn three times only, sacrifice 50s.—Box 9276, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Keeper's velveteen coat and vest, in splendid condition, fit man up to 6ft, 25s., not half cost.—Box 9277, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1256.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte. 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

EDUCATIONAL.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Proved Indigestion cure; result of a life-time's research; cures most stubborn cases; genuine medical prescription, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Hair restorer, from the recipe of eminent physician; most effective known; recipe, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Diarrhœa, dysentery, stomach pains, looseness of bowel, cured like magic; genuine doctor's prescription, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Loop chest developer, new, cost 12s. 6d.; St. Settef Will Culture (new); lot 6s. 6d.—Box 9270, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Motor cycle and cycle accessories, new, half price, giving up riding.—Box 9278, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 15ft. greenheart salmon or trilse rod, by Cummins, 2 tops, condition as new, only once used, cost 35s., take £1.—Box 9283, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, half-size, slate bed, all accessories, including cue, stand, will accept £3 10s.—Box 9284, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Motor cycle, with forecar, 2 speed, powerful engines, tyres nearly new, £12.—Box 9279, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, motor launch, 26 by 6, Mors, 12 by 14, 4 h.p. cylinder engine, dual ignition, sea or river boat, £60; or exchange modern 4 seater car.—Box 9285, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Genuine Royal Enfield light roadster, 24in., nearly new, guaranteed perfect, £4 cash: offers part exchange invited.—Box 9286, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, high-class gentleman's 3 speed cycle, equal new, Warwick tyres, latest, rim brakes, perfect machine; everything up to date; what offers.—Box 9289, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Offered, bell tent, good, 25s.; wanted, talking machine, Ensignette camera, trousers stretcher, Auto razor.—Box 9290, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gun, .22 bore, safety bolt, extractor, by Winchester Repeating Co.—Box 9293, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1250.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1250.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1252.

Would you like to draw for leading journals? If so, we can coach you by post, and also sell your work when efficient: stamp brings prospectus.—"Art," London House, West Houghton, Lancs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A and B flat clarionets, Boosey's, ebonite, Barret action, rollers, C sharp keys, almost new, perfect, magnificent instruments, listed 19gs. each, will take 18gs. or nearest offer for pair, with leather case.—Box 9280, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Splendid Vril, Goerz Anschutz, ½ plate focal plane camera, fitted with Watson's famous Holostigmat lens in focusing mount, speeds, time to 1 1200th second, with Houghton special adapter, film and plate, and 12 envelopes, as new, complete with leather case, cost 17gs., accept 14gs., or nearest offer.—Box 9281, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Columbia Concert graphophone, cost £20, in good working order; sell £8.—Box 9292, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

English concertina, semi-baritone, 48 keys, 5 fold bellows, very fine tone, by Keith Prowse, in case, £2 12s. 6d.—Box 9294, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Typewriter, Standard visible writer, expensively overhauled by the makers, receipt shown, cash offers wanted at less than double overhauling cost, or good exchange.—Box 9295, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Kodak for sale, Eastman's No. 2 Bull's-eye, special daylight loading films, 3½in. by 3½in., cost 3gs., accept £1 1s. cash.—Box 9282, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1256.

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Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN Fountain Pen *will be sent.*

And Elsewhere.

"Stupidity and pride are the dangers threatening our very existence as a nation." For the remark see the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. For the dangers see Oxford and Cambridge.

* * *

The Yachting "Spies."

If it were not such a serious matter for the five unfortunate Englishmen who are bearing the brunt, it would be laughable. The arrest of the alleged "spies" at Erckenloerde Bay—we mean.

The cruise was conducted in the most open manner, and apparently the captured Britons were acting in such a way as to attract the maximum amount of attention instead of avoiding it. This, however, will probably be put down to the diabolical perfidy and machiavellian double-facedness of Dr. Stone and his companions. This view of the matter is not at all beyond the powers of the German Press, which has already begun to clamour for the "punishment" of the arrested Englishmen, before the trifling formalities of indictment, trial, and verdict have been gone through.

No; let us be fair. One organ of German opinion has raised its voice in favour of suspending judgment on the prisoners "until the facts are known." This brilliant example of impartiality should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. *Die Morgenpost* is responsible for this plea, which, however, seems in a fair way to be drowned in the scream of rage and terror which has gone up from the other enlightened journals of Germany.

* * *

Looking Beckwards.

In the Court of Criminal Appeal a convict doing time took on himself the crime charged against the appellant, declaring, iterating and reiterating that the latter had been mistaken for himself. The Court rejected the confession of the self-accuser, and confirmed the sentence passed on the man whose innocence he asseverated.

The incident would cause little or no uneasiness in anyone's mind but for the ugly fact—on which we have commented so severely—that the worst feature of the notorious Beck case has been duplicated several times during the last few years.

* * *

Called-for Challenge.

The egregious Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been distinguishing himself again. In the House of Commons the other day he said:

"When a person goes to India, and, in Anglo-Indian language, gets 'sunbaked,' he is not good for anything, although he thinks he knows everything, and, while he ceases to be a Westerner, he never has the sympathetic or mental capacity to become an Oriental, and we find him in the end reproducing, in his own personal characteristics, all the vices of both worlds, and showing very few indeed of the virtues of either."

And this is the person who is to hold a position on the Indian Services Commission. We should advise all Indian Civil Servants to "challenge" the appointment of the impartial and unbiassed MacDonald.

* * *

Dealing with Suffragettes.

The militant suffragette is rapidly filling up the cup of her iniquities. Just lately she has been at work in Midlothian cutting telephone wires.

Perhaps, when she has derailed a train or two filled with excursionists, and wrecked half-a-dozen police courts through the potent agency of dynamite, she will be taken quite seriously and dealt with on terms of perfect equality with the man whose electoral status is the object of her fanatical resentment.

A good example has been set in Dublin.

* * *

"M.R.C.V.S."

Modern Man voices the just grievance of veterinary surgeons when it protests against the action of the Board of Agriculture in limiting its inspectorship appointments to candidates who have passed a post-graduate examination.

Practising vets. hold already, of necessity, the diploma of the Royal College, and in view of the stringency of their academic preparation and training, and the value of their subsequent experience, are qualified for the duties of any post within the range of their profession.

* * *

Friend of Long Ago.

As one man in one drink, join us, Territorials all, in a toast to good old Earl Wemyss, who has just entered his ninety-fifth year. When he was Lord Elcho he did more for rifle shooting than all the stick-in-the-muds of the War Office put together.

To think of Lord Elcho is to think of the National Rifle Association and the Elcho Challenge Shield. Here's to our staunch and generous friend of long ago, whose brave old heart is with us yet.

My lord, *Modern Man* salutes you.

* * *

A new book, entitled "My Wife Says," is announced, and, curiously enough, under the heading of "Fiction."

* * *

Canon Henson and "Modern Man."

Canon Henson never showed himself fonder of plain speaking than in his sermon on Sunday in Westminster Abbey, when he urged that in default of immediate action in Peru, the worst malefactors in connection with the rubber atrocities would escape punishment.

"Justice demands that I should make acknowledgement of what the Press has done," said the eloquent Canon, the context of this acknowledgment being, as it were, an echo in speech of the printed sentiments of *Modern Man*.

The first practical step in the active measures for which we have consistently contended was taken last week, when the U.S.A. Consul and a British Consul, on a commission of official inquiry, set out for the scene of the putridities which have made the world stink.

* * *

Unclean Prisoners.

In a letter recently sent by the Home Office to local authorities, making the eminently sane suggestion that unclean prisoners should be cleansed, it is stated nevertheless that "there is no statutory power of compulsion where the prisoner refuses." Then there ought to be.

That man who pleaded at Brentford Police Court the other day that because his wife threw things at him he had been compelled to live in the fowl-house, must be a lineal descendant of Ananias.

At all events, that is the natural inference from the fact that the magistrate nevertheless accepted his wife's statement that the cruelty was on the husband's side, and granted her a separation order.

* * *

Defying the Speaker.

One great tendency of the present age seems to run to the form of a dislike and impatience of any kind of discipline. You see it everywhere—even in the House of Commons, which was once said to be the "finest Club in the world."

Well, all we have to say is that if any member of any club behaved as do some members of Parliament, we would hope that their conduct would be speedily brought before the Committee. The other night a Scottish member, with the euphonious name of McCallum Scott, got himself "suspended from the service of the House," as the unconsciously-ironical phrase goes, for flatly defying the ruling of the Speaker.

It is difficult to see what his object was. He seemed to have no particular grievance. It looked like merely a case of "pure cussedness." Anyhow, Mr. Scott committed the flagrant offence of remaining on his legs while Mr. Speaker was on his own black-silk-clothed nether limbs, and defying his authority.

This kind of thing cannot go on. If authority is to be set at naught like this, we shall have a bear garden instead of a deliberative assembly.

Besides, it is rank bad manners for any member to flout the chair, and would not be permitted at a suburban smoking concert.

* * *

Local Authorities' Extravagance.

The thanks of all ratepayers are due to the correspondent who recently wrote to the *Times*, complaining of the extravagance manifested by local authorities in what he styled "the costly elaborateness" of "a display of artistic stationery and a majestic style of composition in trivial matters."

With rates ever showing a tendency to go up, there ought to be the strictest economy in the various clerical departments, as well as in others, and the attention called to the matter by the *Times* correspondent will doubtless bear good fruit.

* * *

Editor's Duel.

The reputation won by America in the Olympic Games is being well maintained. Two of her sons have been distinguishing themselves as shootists. They are a couple of Editors, who fought a duel at Huntsville, Missouri, the other day. Several shots were exchanged, and with such accuracy that one found its billet just below the heart—of a bystander! The Star Spangled Banner for ever! Three cheers for the Eagle that crowed!

* * *

Objection to a Film.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau has been occasionally criticised, with perhaps undue severity, as trenching too far on the sacred. Be that as it may, there can be little question that the recently constructed cinematograph Life of Christ, from the Manger to the Cross, lends itself to most serious objection.

At the quaint little village in the Bavarian Highlands there is an "atmosphere" in perfect keeping with the famous decennial Play, and visitors cannot help being struck by the simple and unassuming piety, in private life, of the actors and their fellow villagers.

In the production of a cinematograph Life of Christ, however, with its permeating spirit of commercialism, it is doubtful whether the *poseurs* have any excess of piety to recommend them.

Besides, the "atmosphere" of most of the places where the films will be shown can scarcely compare with that of Ober-Ammergau. There's no getting away from the fact—the whole thing repels rather than attracts.

* * *

Two Ends to a Cigar.

The native Moroccan influences the unmanageable camel by means of a lighted cigar placed in a wooden holder, the *Cigar and Tobacco World* tells us. But the *Cigar and Tobacco World* does not tell us where the native Moroccan puts the lighted cigar. The eligible sites are restricted in number.

* * *

"There Ain't Not No Sich Persons."

Malatesta the anarchist pays a deserved compliment to our prison system by expressing his disgust with it. "I'd much rather go to prison in any country in Latin Europe than here," he has said on his release from Wormwood Scrubbs. "In Italy, for instance, where I have had a pretty fair experience as a political prisoner, I could see my friends, I could read, I had an amount of freedom altogether, which seems to be quite unknown here. Our warders (there) . . . associate with you; sometimes they even do favours for you. But here . . . ugh!"

Malatesta is entirely mistaken in supposing that in England he was, or was treated as, a political prisoner. He was no more a political prisoner than are the hooligans in petticoats who are sent to Holloway for window-smashing, assault, battery, and other forms of violence and blackguardism; or than the Syndicalists who incite soldiers to disobedience. Our convicts are about as mixed a lot as any in the world, but we don't stock the "political prisoner" brand. We've been out of it for generations.

* * *

The Dangers of Flannelette.

After celluloid, flannelette. In nine months—from June 3 last year to March 2 this—there were no fewer than 133 burning fatalities, in connection with which flannelette was specifically mentioned as having been worn.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt this serious state of things is largely the outcome of a reprehensible practice which has grown up, in the sale of the material, of extensively describing it as "safe." People are thereby deceived into believing the flannelette thus labelled to be non-inflammable. They buy it accordingly—and the coroner's inquest follows.

Let us hope that the statement which has been prepared in this connection, by a number of eminent people, for presentation to the Home Secretary, will speedily be effective. It asks for the addition to the Merchandise Marks Act of a provision making it a penal offence to describe as non-inflammable any material which will not stand certain tests. Good!

When flannelette is no longer labelled "safe," and less of it is sold, while that which is bought is used more cautiously, there will be a notable decline in the number of deaths resulting from its being worn.

* * *

"Bravest of the Brave."

The lady who rejoices in the euphonious name of Mrs. Septima Robinson-Guppy, and who, as a protest against the Insurance Act, benignantly discharged her eight servants, has in part filled their places by engaging a seventy-year-old gardener and a girl under fifteen. She seems to have had some difficulty in securing a coachman, as the applicants have been too much addicted to octogenarianism.

And this estimable creature has the assurance to declare that, should any driving accident occur to her in consequence of her coachman's lack of adolescence, she will hold Mr. Lloyd George responsible!

But even that pales into insignificance before the congratulatory letter—one of hundreds she has received—sent her by a party of working women in Birmingham, who think the occasion warrants them in thus addressing her: "We greet thee, bravest of the brave"!

If the Insurance Act is going to affect people in that extraordinary way, we may well question whether it ought ever to have come into being.

* * *

Reflection on a Picture.

Does Mr. Harold Rathbone, who paid 105 guineas at a Christie sale for a copy of the famous "Monna Lisa" picture, under the impression that it was the original, really imagine that Messrs. Christie would not recognise the original if it came their way, or would mistake it for a copy, or would put it up to auction, or, in the event of their doing so, would let it go for a mere song?

If he does, he must be as simple as he imagines Messrs. Christie to be.

The strike is over. The distress of the strike survives the strike. *Modern Man* addresses a word to the mouthing and impious mob-spouters of Tower Hill. It is this—think of the recent work of your recent words, and go and hang yourselves.

* * *

Royal, Loyal Friends.

The King—God bless him!—does everything well, and never anything amiss. The moment—not the second moment, but the first—that he could possibly do so without impropriety, he and the Queen sent money to the help of their sorely needing subjects in Dockerland. A word to the workers. It is this: The King—in a personal sense and in the sense of all that "the King" stands for—"the King's your friend, not Short"—Short being short for men whose names are out of place here.

* * *

Trade Unionism.

The time may not be far off when Government may have to intervene in the internal affairs of Trade Union organisation. This may be necessary in the interests of the members themselves, or the larger number and the more responsible of them. For example, as things are the single man, who has only himself at stake, has the same voting power for or against a strike, its continuance or stoppage, and in other matters, great and small, as the married man, who, plus himself, has a wife and family at stake.

This is as it should *not* be. Leaving wives out of count, every child should mean an extra vote for its father. The balance of power is all out of gear. If family men among Trade Unionists were to take this idea up, their weight would soon tell.

* * *

Distress and Suicide.

There's a touch of Æsop about this. The old fabulist could have invented nothing that more neatly points a moral.

A Parisian of seventy-five recently came to a not altogether undeserved and perhaps not untimely end. For years he had earned a living by pretending to commit suicide. He would put a noose round his neck and then kick over the adjacent furniture, including the chair on which he stood, with such a clatter that the neighbours would come running in and cut him down.

Then would follow a piteous tale of distress, that drew tears to the eyes of his saviours and money from their pockets for his relief; after which, when funds were running low again, he would repeat the trick elsewhere.

A week or so back, however, the noise he made by overturning the furniture attracted no attention at all, and when he was eventually discovered he was dead in sober truth! The pitcher had gone to the well once too often.

* * *

Another step in the direction of increasing the number of female out-of-works and of fostering the suffragette spirit. The Wandsworth Borough Council decided recently by 18 votes to 16 to appoint female assistants to future vacancies in their libraries!

* * *

"A Drunken Log."

They seem to have a queer way of doing things in the Isle of Man. A soap-box may serve as an infant's coffin, and eighteen pence appears to be adequate remuneration for the grave-digger.

William Richmond, at all events, was entrusted by his wife with precisely that sum for just that purpose, but instead of delivering the soapbox-enclosed body of his dead baby, together with the one-and-six, to the churchyard excavator, he dropped the first into a river, and utilised the second in the purchase of drink—a fact which drew from the Coroner, at the inquest on the recovered body of the infant, the not unmerited rebuke that he was "a drunken log."

Yes, they seem to have a queer way of doing things—some things—in the Isle of Man.

* * *

Redeeming Feature.

Let not them who rail against the National Health Insurance Act imagine it has no redeeming features. In at least one instance it has proved itself to be eminently useful, albeit in a totally unintended and unforeseen way.

An enterprising wight broke into a Tamworth clothing emporium, and changed his old suit for a new one. He forgot, however, to take from the abandoned coat an Insurance Act emergency card bearing his name and address. Result: Prompt arrest and introduction to a magistrate. On remand at time of writing. Probably disintegrating oakum when these lines appear.

* *

"O.H.M.S."

In their natural anxiety to avert another "snap" division, the Government followed up a recent four-lined whip by a long telegram to every Liberal member. Each telegram was at the public expense, being marked "O.H.M.S." This was clearly an abuse of the significant letters, the obvious implication being that a whip to serve party purposes was a whip in the services of His Majesty—an inference which stretches the verities of the case.

We condemn the innovation on the principal score that the faintest suggestion that the King has the slightest connection with party politics is radically and essentially objectionable.

* * *

The Prevention of Marriage.

The Archbishop of York says that he is in favour of such an amendment of the marriage laws as would permit the severance of the marriage tie between married persons found to be suffering from "insanity, epilepsy, or certain forms of disease."

But "insanity, epilepsy, and certain forms of disease" are discoverable before marriage, and if their existence justifies the abrogation of marriage it justifies the prevention of marriage. What is the use of either abrogation or prevention of the marriage ceremony? Each simply means that men and women suffering from "insanity, epilepsy, and certain forms of disease" would propagate "insanity, epilepsy, and certain forms of disease" without any license from priest or registrar at all.

What on earth is the good of beating about the bush?

* * *

Most Obliging Husband on Earth.

"Here's a pond—let's drown ourselves," said a woman of Edmonton to her husband.

"With pleasure, I'm sure," agreed the husband obligingly, becoming more attached than ever by attaching his body to that of his spouse by means of a dog leash. This effected, he assisted her to chuck herself into the water with him—"just to please her," he told the magistrate before whom the pleasing gentleman and pleased lady were charged with attempted suicide; the latter agreeing that all had been done by the former in order to please her. "His pure intent was all for her delight."

The woman was remanded, the man discharged, to pursue his pleasing way in peace.

Seriously, was the magistrate justified in restoring liberty to this invertebrate, a backbone being unprocurable from the resources of the poor-box?

* * *

Fashionable Shop Disease.

Drapery sales are the shop thief's pet opportunity. In the rush of bargain hunters and the tumble of bargains, more "pinching" goes on than is ever found out. The plea of kleptomania is far too often accepted. It's such an imposing word that it imposes on all sorts of people, especially those who don't know what it means. The disease is as useful as its designation is impressive.

A good bad attack of kleptomania is a valuable asset. A strange thing about it is that it is so much more prevalent among well-dressed than ill-dressed women.

It's no benefit to be a kleptomaniac unless you can afford counsel. If you can't afford counsel and a medical witness you're not a kleptomaniac but a thief.

We are right glad to observe that in a number of cases lately magistrates have considered imprisonment with hard labour the best of cures for kleptomania.

* * *

Philately and Philanthropy.

Loafers have hit on a new dodge for raising the price of a drink. The idea has the advantage of real simplicity and apparent sincerity, and shows the wonderful adaptability of the cadger mind, which has been quick to rise to the opportunity of the moment. The charitable are asked for coppers for the purchase of Insurance stamps, "so that I may go to work to-morrow." It's never later than to-morrow—the morrow that never comes.

Dealing with the police protection of Ministers, an evening paper says: "If the Minister walks, the police guard walk; if he leaves in a motor-car, they either ride in the car or follow closely in a taxicab. In the last-named case the officers—who, of course, know the Minister's destination—proceed ahead, and are ready on the pavement to guard him as he alights."

We should love to see the officers proceeding ahead and following closely at the same time.

* * *

Royalties and "Aunt Sally."

There would be nothing of particularly engrossing interest in recording the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Phœbe Smith indulged in coco-nut shies and shies at "Aunt Sally" on 'Ampstead 'Eath last Monday, that Mr. Brown knocked off a coco-nut and carried it away under his arm, and that Miss Smith beat both Mr. and Mrs Brown at "Aunt Sally," knocking out the clay pipe in the first throw.

But substitute the King and Queen of Spain and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein for Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith, and a bazaar at Osborne for the 'Eath of 'Appy 'Amstead, and you have a paragraphic sample of the pabulum on which our great "dailies" imagine their readers must be fed.

We may now resign ourselves to being apprised in due course of the momentous fact that His Most Catholic Majesty blew his regal nose twice in quick succession on the eleventh instant, and that Queen Eugénie and Princess Victoria were actually seen to imbibe the contents of two tea-cups that looked for all the world like other tea-cups. It is all so very interesting, and of such international importance, don't-cher-know!

* * *

Slanging Match in a Church.

The mass of men are none too logical. They are apt, for instance, to judge religion by those who profess it—when the latter happen to fall short of a certain standard of righteousness. Most unreasonable, of course; but such and so it is.

One cannot but regret, therefore, that the Rev. Eben Molloy and Sir Richard Cooper did not remember this a few days back, when they engaged in a slanging match in the parish church of Shenstone, Staffs.

The former, as Vicar, called a vestry meeting for the election of new churchwardens, and the latter, as a prominent and influential parishioner, attended. The Rev. Eben, in electing to dispose of the business in the church, no doubt was acting quite canonically. It was an unusual thing to do, however, and an adjournment to the schools was suggested.

The Vicar, between whom and his flock there had been considerable friction, declined to accede; and then, metaphorically, the fur began to fly. Sir Richard was easily the first in the wordy contest. "You are an infernal liar!" was one of the polite observations he addressed to his spiritual guide. "You are an Irish bully!", was another. And the irritating smile on the clerical face was stigmatised as a "beastly" and "brutal" and "villainous" grin.

The disgraceful incident was brought to an end by the Rev. Eben quitting the church, to the accompaniment of unkindly, suggestive advice to "Mind the step!" Dear, dear. How very human we all are! But what a pity it is we don't sometimes rise superior to our little weaknesses.

* * *

A Remonstrance.

Making all allowance for the feelings of bereaved parenthood, the attempt to fasten a charge of lack of courage on to those members of the London Fire Brigade who attended the fire in Moor Lane arouses a feeling of just indignation.

It was shown up to the hilt that not a man fell short of the extremity of his duty. Had the wild words of blame uttered at the inquest been uttered in any other circumstances they would have merited, and received from us, the unmeasured rebuke from which they are indulgently allowed to escape.

Our firemen are not salamanders, though in their heroic devotion they often behave as if they were. The fire they fight often burns them; the fire of criticism cannot singe them.

* * *

Concerning Hideous Hoardings.

If put to the referendum, it would be found that the people who desire the suppression of hideous hoardings far outnumber those who favour the National Health Insurance Act.

Yet so utilitarian an age is this in which we live that Mr. Lloyd George, while sympathising with the proposal to check the increase of advertisement boards beside railways by the paradoxically utilitarian means of taxing them, can give no undertaking to introduce a Bill into Parliament for that purpose.

And hence the soul of everyone who has an eye for scenic beauty must continue more and more to be vexed. Let us sigh!

* * *

The U.S.A. and America.

Cardinal Newman said that any principle could be stretched till it broke. The Americans are stretching the principle of their Monroe doctrine very close indeed to the breaking point. Some of them pulled it to justify the proposal to handicap British shipping in the passage of the Panama-Canal, in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Now others of them profess to be serious in declaring treaty. no foreign corporation may acquire land at any spot of the American Continent which is held to be "strategic."

The gravity of this last exemplification of the elasticity of the "Monroe doctrine" is discounted by the facts that the implied right is asserted at election time, when political hooks have to be baited to the tastes of voters, and that the move is discountenanced by some of the most responsible of Transatlantic editors. It is easy to imagine circumstances in which Europe would insist on having a hand in the interpretation of "Monroe doctrine." Does the United States ever remember that British America has also a place on the map of the Continent of America?

* * *

A Knotty Point.

His Highness the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (otherwise "Ranji," the cricketer) was recently the subject of an interrogation, addressed to Mr. Montagu, Under-Secretary for India, in the House of Commons.

It appears that his Highness the Jam, etc., engaged a firm known as the Coupé Company to do some work in connection with a proposed summer palace of his. The work done, there was some trouble about payment, and the claimant company have suggested that the matter be referred to arbitration.

The suggestion was made, it seems, because of some uncertainty as to whether the Jam Sandwich—that is to say, Sahib—claims to be above the jurisdiction of the British law courts, and as to whether the claim is admitted by the India Office.

Mr. Montagu was unable to solve the knotty point, but he declared that "the Secretary of State is quite sure his Highness will take such action as is demanded by his honour and that of the distinguished caste to which he belongs."

No doubt. But people *will* talk. And no reason should be allowed to exist for any company to associate law courts or arbitration with the name of an eminent Jam. It looks bad, Ranji; it looks bad.

* * *

An Extraordinary Suggestion.

A most extraordinary suggestion with regard to the saving of life on a wreck at sea is made by a Mr. Richardson, of Rugby, in a letter to the *Standard*. That respectable organ calls it an "interesting" suggestion. It is, as showing what vagaries the human mind is capable of. Mr. Richardson proposes an order of priority in leaving a wreck, subject to the binding law of women and children first, which is:—

1. Steerage passengers.
2. Second saloon.
3. First saloon.
4. Crew.

In sanity's name, why? Is not the life of a first-saloon passenger as dear as that of a steerage passenger? Have not first-saloon passengers wives, children, relatives, to whom their loss would be a bitter blow? The only argument that Mr. Richardson brings forward—if it can be called an argument at all—in support of his precious suggestion, is that steerage passengers are generally breadwinners. This is simply materialism run mad.

* * *

Sentiment and Funeral Expenses.

That the representative Englishman is lacking in the incommunicable sense of ceremonial is his misfortune. When he wants to express himself in form and ritual he doesn't know how to do it.

It may not be very polite to tell him so, but we are more concerned with plain speech than polite speech. Desire and inability going together, the result of his endeavour is sometimes grotesque. This is especially the case at the saddest of all ceremonies—the interment of our dead. Although more dignity has been added to our funeral customs of recent years by the subtraction of the superfluous, they are still meaninglessly florid.

Among the rich, lavish expenditure on the trappings of woe is vulgarity, impure and simple; among the poor, vulgarity of display, although particularly reprehensible, is tempered by the obvious sincerity of an ill-directed purpose. We pity while we must unpityingly condemn. It would really seem that the burial rule of the most indigent is to spend the more the less they have; a debt to an undertaker is something of which to be proud.

* * *

Judge and Thirty-Eight Teas.

At Halifax County Court the other day an application was made for the sanction of an expenditure of £18 for the funeral of a man, compensation for whose death by accident had been fixed at £186. Ten per cent. on this small sum was more than the Judge could stand. Coming to an item for thirty-eight teas, "Where is this to stop?" he exclaimed. "It is a matter of sentiment," propounded the extravagant widow's legal representative. Had he said false sentiment he would have been in the right.

Tea and sentiment go very well together, no doubt—but thirty-eight teas and sentiment are too much of each at one go, when payment has to come out of £186.

"Sentiment is not provided for in the Act," Judge Longstaffe reminded the applicant, and cut down the total to £12—at least double what would have been a sufficient, reasonable and becoming amount.

* * *

Made in Germany.

One somehow assumes, as a matter of course, that suits made for Kaffirs are none too voluminous. But even if of abbreviated dimensions, six shillings apiece seems by no means an excessive price.

They formed the subject of an action heard in the City of London Court a day or two ago. The quality of the buttons was in dispute. Kaffirs are rather particular about such things, it was said. Those in question had papier-maché backs and painted tin fronts. The paint, however, came off long before its lustre should have been dimmed by reasonable wear and tear.

Yet what can you expect with a six shilling suit? Indeed, how can such a price be made profitably to include even buttons with papier-maché backs and tin fronts painted with paint that at once comes off? You can easily guess the answer; it is "familiar on the lips as household words"—Made in Germany!

DOCK STRIKE NERVES.

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 6.—MR. ANDREW BONAR LAW, M.P.

The Leader of the Opposition had a vision in his youth of himself as a Member of Parliament, and a prominent one at that; and, being a Scotsman, although born in Transatlantic New Brunswick, he set about realising his dream in the downright dogged manner that is typical of his race.

Highway of Commerce.

But he didn't take the line of least resistance to Parliament which is the line of the law. He stepped out on the hard highway of commerce and became an iron merchant and founder. But such of his spare time (which was not unlimited) as he could spare from golf and chess he devoted to the methodical mastery of political problems and collection of data on all manner of difficult points.

His daily day was mapped out. He knew his objective, which is more than can be said for many men of ability, and he went straight for it.

Elected to Parliament in 1900 for one of the divisions of his adopted city, Glasgow, he was a silent member for two years. During that time if he said nothing he thought a great deal, and when he broke the silence it was as the bursting of a brilliant fire-work.

Made by Maiden Speech.

He was made by his maiden speech, which won thankful praise from his then leaders (whom he now leads), and fainter applause from his opponents. Since then he has been considered the brains and the blue book of the Tariff Reform party.

His parliamentary virtues are manifold. He is punctual, persistent, attentive, watchful and resourceful. His speech is ready (as reporters know to their cost), but his speeches are never or seldom ready made. His notes are few, and his facts, which he carries in his head and (in case his memory is challenged) in his pocket also, are numerically strong enough to depress the most light-hearted of those in the enemy's camp.

Genius for Facts.

He has a genius for marshalling facts, which in his hand seem to undergo a kind of physical culture that makes them both weighty and gymnastic.

About his earnestness no one can have a shadow of doubt. He is too impolite to opponents, too lacking in graces and courtesies of Parliamentary debate for anyone to imagine that he considers politics a mere pleasant game with, at certain intervals, adjournments for tea and toast on the Terrace with one's antagonists.

He is a strange mixture of precision and impulsiveness. His second thoughts are best, which shows that his habitual caution—for caution with him is a habit, not a gift—ought to be cultivated until it becomes second nature. However, his friends forgive him his impulses, which at least are generous, for the sake of his bonnie fighting faculty. He has a grim face, and he is a grim fighter, who can use the pole-axe as well as the pretty rapier.

Bluntness Becoming Proverbial.

His bluntness is becoming proverbial, and some day no doubt he will out-do "C.B.'s" famous "enough of this foolery" which shocked Parliamentarians with superfine ideas of political propriety.

WOMEN AND LUNACY.

If the suffragette thinks she has scored because of the alleged fact that the female oyster is superior to the male, here is a little consideration which may tend to restore things to the *status quo ante*.

From the evidence of the sixty-sixth report of the Commissioners in Lunacy it transpires that, in every 200 insane people in England and Wales, the women have a preponderance of fourteen over the men. 'Nuff said!

AFTER-MIDNIGHT HOUSES: SYSTEM THAT STRIKES AT THE LIBERTY OF THE PUBLIC.

LONDON DISGRACE SPOTS.—NO. 4.

In this country, possibly to a greater extent than in any other, not even forgetting our vaingloriously crowing kinsmen across the herring pond, we are wont to boast of our glorious freedom. Whether that same freedom is, or is not, afflicted with a good many badly-leaking holes in it, admits, however, of considerable questioning; and we fancy, when the reader has digested the facts contained in this article, he will not be quite so sure whether *he* is as free to do as he pleases as certain more favoured subjects of the King, and even a great many who are not under allegiance to His Majesty.

Revellers and Liquor.

The state of affairs—we do not hesitate to call it an evil, inasmuch as it strikes at the freedom of the general public—which we are going to make public, is the system of what we may call "after midnight houses," places where spirituous liquors and other refreshment may be legally obtained at hours when such would not be obtainable in ordinary public-houses.

It is to our mind—and probably to the mind of all rational people, whatever may be their political leanings—a distinct contravention of the principles of our national liberty that whereas ninety-nine people in a hundred may not obtain a possibly urgently-needed stimulant after 12.30 a.m., one reveller, who would in every probability be better without it, can pour as much liquor down his throat as he likes after that hour, simply because he "knows the ropes."

Put in a nutshell, the system is this: An enterprising individual rents a suite of rooms in some part of London—a similar remark appplies to big towns in the provinces—and obtains a licence for a "club." He also obtains a spirit licence for this club—for obviously if he could not get this the "club" would be no use to him. Possibly there is some "restriction" enforced by the licensing authorities to the effect that no liquor shall be served after 12.30; but, of course, the club proprietor snaps his fingers at that. He simply gets over it in this way.

Giving Orders.

Although, perhaps, no liquor may be dispensed by the management after 12.30—though, of course, in an enormous number of cases it can—the club can remain open long after that. This, then, is what the ingenious revelling members do. They order before 12.30 as much liquid refreshment as they think will last them until they wish to leave. This is duly served to them and booked as being handed over *before* the prohibited time; but nothing is said about its being drunk long *after* that hour.

Common Fallacy.

It is a common fallacy that the old night clubs—such as the Corinthian and the Waterloo—are dead, killed by police action—but though those particular institutions certainly are no more, their like are still to be found flourishing apace.

We need not go further back for corroboration of this statement than a music-hall divorce case of some few weeks ago, in the course of which a night-club was mentioned—a place "in which everyone kissed," to use the airy words of one of the witnesses in the case.

It is not only in the West End of London, be it well noted, that these after-midnight houses are to be found. All over the country they exist, and do enormous business, to the detriment of their members.

At Cardiff particularly, as recent information showed, there were terrible numbers of men—and women—found incapably intoxicated in the street, some carrying bottles of beer or whisky, at 5 or 6 a.m., hours when, had they not had a drink since 12.30, they could not possibly have been in that condition. The truth is that they had fuddled themselves through the early morning hours in an after-midnight house.

Cheapness of Membership.

One of the most scandalous sides of this evil is the ease and cheapness with which membership of these "clubs" may be gained. Surely it needs no hammering home that this is so when a working man can, on the payment of, say, 2s. 6d. a year, or 1s. a quarter, join a "club" in which he can, if he pleases, drink himself into *delirium tremens* until all hours of the night and morning.

Another scandal is that in some of these houses, not a few, unfortunately, members may bring their wives to carouse with them—and no man of the world will fail to recognise the danger. It is not to be supposed that the door-keeper is going to insist on the production of the "marriage lines" of every "wife" brought in; so that a sixpenny "Saturday to Monday" brass wedding ring is all that is required for the acquirement of a spurious matrimonial condition.

Another Bad Type.

Now we may fitly open the eyes of the public to another equally bad type of after-midnight house—in this case not recognised by law as the others we have discussed unfortunately are. We are referring now to the blocks of "mansion flats" existing chiefly in the metropolis, and devoted, as every man about town knows, to immoral pursuits. Go to any one of these and you will find each flat stocked with all kinds of liquor, whisky, brandy, rum, liqueurs, or for those who like it, beer, just as if it were a shebeen, as, in point of fact, it is.

Now the way in which the consumers of this are recruited is as follows:—

In a huge majority of the smarter lounges and saloon-bars in the West End you will find gaudily attired and bedizened females sitting from hour to hour. They engage in casual conversation with any male customer of the bar who feels inclined to talk to them; and at closing time several such men will very likely proclaim loudly their displeasure at being unable to "get 'nother drink."

Invitation to Drink.

The rest is easy. A woman goes up quietly to him, and whispers "Do you want a drink, eh?" and in nine cases out of ten he gives a rapturous affirmative. "Come to my flat," says the damsel, "I've got a lot there." Thus it is that a befuddled individual finds himself in a minute or two sitting on a delightfully receptive sofa, in far too dangerous proximity to an inviting Hebe who is offering him a brandy-and-soda. That is before the appearance of a business-like person from an adjoining room.

After this the unfortunate gentleman probably finds himself outside in the street, feeling for a watch and chain that isn't there.

Allegation of Bribery.

There was a case of this kind quite recently, when, we are glad to say, the male bully was sentenced to a salutary term of imprisonment.

It may strike some readers as strange why the police do not take stern action against these flats—but there is a strong, though by no means laudable reason for this. In a word, the officers are bribed.

They know as well as anybody else—better, in fact, than most—the sort of thing that goes on. Why, then, do they not act? Because it is worth their while to shut their eyes to the existing state of affairs.

Before the well-known Police Commission of a few years ago some remarkable facts came to light about the way in which the sympathies of policemen were enlisted by the denizens of quite notorious houses.

Demand for Stern Action.

In one case there was a block of such flats situated exactly opposite a police-station. It was stated—and the evidence was strong—that different constables and sergeants were to be met running up and down the stairs of the flats at all hours of the day and night, before or after the receipt of dubious hospitality.

We think we have said enough to show that the types of after-midnight houses we have described should be put down sternly—and we demand imperatively that the authorities responsible should take instant action.

J. S. C.

THE BALD TRUTH.

A by-election was in full swing, and a suffragist, whose face must have kept her awake many a night, was holding forth on the rights and wrongs of women.

"The feelings of women," she cried, "are far deeper, far finer, than those of men! We are told by men that we are inferior to them. Is that so?"

"No! no!" came in a scream from the bevy of beauty which formed her audience. "I say that woman feels, that she yearns for something to hold on to—to grasp, when man merely thinks!" she exclaimed.

Just then a miserable wretch of the opposite sex, who had been in hiding amongst them, shouted as he made his escape —"I suppose that's why your husband is so bald!"

* * *

Wife: There you are, George! And did you have a good time? Was the hotel you stopped at home-like?

Husband (drily): Very, darling. There wasn't a thing in it fit to eat!

* * *

MISNOMERS.

Nothing is more natural than to assume that India ink comes from India, but it does not, and never did, any more than does India rubber. India ink is a Chinese product and India rubber comes from South America.

Camel's hair brushes are not made from the hair of camels, but from the hair of the tails of Russian and Siberian squirrels. Camel's hair is, however, employed in the manufacture of certain fabrics to be made into shawls, and so forth, and it is sometimes mixed with silk.

* * *

Some folks are selfish because they have only themselves to consider. Let them take a lively interest in and warm their hearts to someone.

* * *

PAYING THE DOCTOR.

The calling of a physician in Sweden is not one in which a man is likely to make a fortune, because proper doctor's bills are the exception rather than the rule in that country. Each patient pays just what he is able, just what he considers is fair remuneration.

Consequently, it is a "leave-it-to-you-sir" kind of bill, and more in the nature of a bounty than of a legal account. It is much to the credit of the Swedish doctors that even under these conditions the poorest patients receive just as much attention as the richest.

* * *

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned; now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.

* * *

"What do you think of my latest novel, old chap?"
"Fine! Who were the binders?"

* * *

Bell: Isn't Fred an awful flatterer?
Nell: Why, did he say you were pretty?
Bell: No; he said you were.

* * *

EATING A CHURCH.

Some astonishment was caused at a Church council in Canada when a missionary bishop gravely remarked that the diocese of one of his brethren had "gone to the dogs." He was asked to state what he meant.

The Eskimos of the diocese, it appeared, had built a rough church of materials to hand, using whale ribs for the rafters, and covering the whole with walrus hide. Then one day a pack of starving, half-wild dogs set upon that church, tore it down, and ate it!

* * *

Hokus: Toothache, eh? I'd have the blooming thing pulled if it were mine."

Pokus: So would I if it were yours.

* * *

Private Mulligan prided himself upon his chest measurement. He was boasting about it one day to a friend, when that infernal youngster of his broke in with: "Yes, and daddy sewed it in all by hisself."

ARTISTES' AGE QUICKLY.

Appearing as a witness in a recent law suit, Mr. Wilkie Bard, the famous comedian, dwelt on the strain of the music hall artiste's nightly work.

And certainly the popular variety performer earns his big salary.

An actor in a play is one of many. Even if he is a star his "big situations" are carefully led up to, and he has only one or two of them in the course of the evening.

The variety artiste, on the other hand, has, so to speak, to step on in cold blood, and yet at fever heat. He must grip the audience from the first moment he appears, and "hold" them until the last second before the curtain falls.

He must do this not once but anything from half a dozen to a dozen times in, say, two and a half hours.

Mr. Bard mentioned that he often "worked" nine or ten halls a night, involving the singing of between fifteen and thirty songs.

On one occasion Mr. Sam Mayo appeared at nineteen different halls in one evening.

* * *

THE CHEMIST'S INSTRUCTION.

The determined-looking woman entered the chemist's shop.

"Look here, young man, if a tall gentleman with red whiskers comes and asks you for a prescription, you're not to let him have it!"

"Really, madam, I ——"

"No; you mustn't let him have it on any account! He's come to Dirtsea for a month, and says he wants something to improve his appetite. He's boarding at my establishment, young man!"

And, with a muttered threat, the seaside landlady passed from the shop, leaving the chemist's assistant pale and trembling.

* * *

A NEGRO'S HUMOUR.

The negro is not the dull, mud-brained specimen of humanity that some would have us think.

In a certain town in the United States a negro kept a bookshop which soon became a favourite meeting-place for gay young students from the neighbouring college. But one day a rough set came into his shop, and took advantage of his well-known good temper by behaving in a rowdy fashion.

Promptly the negro set to work and evolved the following notice, which he hung up in full view:

RULES.

Do not shut the door. It will offend the flies.

Stamp all the mud off on the floor, for if you use the doormat it will soon wear out.

This is my busy day, so come in and hang around.

Smoke in here; the ladies will enjoy it.

I don't like to be bothered to handle your cash.

* * *

"Do you take many periodicals?" asked a young vicar on his first visit to one of his parishioners.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the woman, "I never do, but I'm very sorry to say that my husband takes a periodical about once in every two months. I do wish you could induce him to sign the pledge."

* * *

TOO MUCH OF IT.

In China and Japan people are considerably more polite to one another than they are in most parts of Europe—outwardly, at any rate. But they carry it too far at times, and make themselves appear absurd in the eyes of the average Westerner.

The following is a rough specimen of the way a very polite guard asks to see railway tickets:

"Your most honourable excellencies and most augustly deigning-to-be-pleased ones, pardon this creature of mud for having been born into the world to ask you, most gracious and superior ones, to show your honourable and blessed tickets; after which I beg that you will deign to crush me, who am but as a snail of the soil, beneath your kindly and honourable sandals."

The short, brisk, "All tickets ready, please!" of the British railway official may be less studiously polite, but it is certainly more business-like.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. IV.—A SEALED ENVELOPE.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the Selby Series which proved so popular in "Modern Man."

"Kane," said Mr. Prosing impressively, "kindly be a witness that I have sealed up this package with my own hand."

The package he spoke of was a stout oblong envelope, lying on the table in Mr. Prosing's private room. The proprietor of the celebrated Emporium held up a stick of sealing-wax; he lighted a taper; with care and deliberation he smeared three large vermilion blobs on the flap of the aforesaid envelope, improving their appearance by the application of his signet-ring.

"See?" said Mr. Prosing.

"I see," said Dunlop Kane.

Mr. Prosing sat down and took up a pen. He wrote on the envelope. He showed what he had written to Dunlop Kane.

Kane read—"*The property of Curtis Prosing.*"

"That's my brother," said Mr. Prosing. "He's a rum customer, he is!"

"Oh, yes," said Kane.

"I'm taking care of this for him. Now come with me. He led the way out of the office, and by lift, passages and steps they descended to a cool corridor in the basement. Here Mr. Prosing halted at a solid steel door. He opened it with a key and they stepped inside.

The interior was dark and chilly. Mr. Prosing switched on the electric light and Kane looked round the strong-room while his companion stooped to a drawer and opened it with another key chosen from his key-ring. He laid the sealed envelope on the top of some other papers and turned an inquiring eye on Kane. "See?" he said again.

"Quite plainly," said Kane.

"This is a private drawer, and no one has a key to it but myself and my solicitor. So, without my knowledge, that package cannot be removed."

"Obviously," said Kane.

"That's all," said Mr. Prosing.

He locked up both drawer and strong-room, and then paused for a moment in the corridor, eyeing Kane as though he expected him to evince some curiosity.

"I suppose you're wondering why I wanted you to be a witness of that?" he said.

"Not at all," replied Kane politely.

"I'd tell you, but ——" Here Mr. Prosing had a struggle between rival emotions—the desire to be confidential and the pleasure of sustaining a mystery. He sank his voice darkly: "As long as that package remains in my possession I go in danger of my life, Mr. Kane."

"Indeed!" said Kane, with aggravating imperturbability. He smiled to himself as Mr. Prosing went off with the quick steps of annoyance; then took a letter from his pocket which brought a relaxation to his lips and a twinkle to his eyes. It was from Miss Virginia Mary Prosing, who had persisted in communicating with him since her escapade of a brief while before.

". . . Such goings-on as never was," it proceeded, after a number of pleasant irrelevancies. "You must first of all know that Uncle Curtis swooped down on us the other day—*dear* Uncle Curtis, who only turns up about once in every three years and gets on poor daddy's nerves frightfully. He used to be a Captain in the Navy, you know—(at least *we* say the Navy, but it was really a merchantman)—and he got into trouble over gun-running, and then after that there were whispers—I don't know how true— of *real piracy* on the high seas! Imagine it in *our* respectable family! Anyhow, he's the darlingest old rascal—thin and elegant; not a bit what you'd expect. And he joins in the hymns most beautifully on Sunday morning—winking at me on the quiet with the wickedest sky-blue eye

"But here am I telling you all about what he's like and forgetting to tell you what has *happened*. Well, then, Uncle came home this time with some wonderful story of a hidden treasure, which he'd heard about from a dying sailor, and he showed us the hidden cipher and things, and he wanted dad to pay for the fitting-up of a vessel, so that we could all go and fetch it and live like the Royal Family afterwards. Daddy said 'Moonshine.' Daddy said a lot of rude things—because he doesn't like Uncle Curtis over much—but Uncle didn't seem to mind; he is ever so dulcet when you talk to him angrily. Well, we all went to sleep, and the papers were locked up in the safe in daddy's study. That night a burglar broke in, and he would surely have got away with poor Uncle's property only that a footman happened to be awake with the toothache and went up in time to disturb him. The study was in an awful mess.

"Uncle said there was no doubt about what he had been after, because he had been dogged for some time by some friends of the dying sailor's; and he insisted on sitting up by himself on the following night, to give him what for in case he came again.

"Well, he *did* come, it seemed—for in the middle of the night we were awakened by a fearful hullaballoo—shouting, stamping, the banging of a revolver. When we all rushed down the front door was open, there was a bullet in the grandfather's clock, everything was topsy turvy, and, though we searched everywhere, *Uncle Curtis had vanished!* Nor has he been since . . . and that was two days ago. Daddy says he can't be dead, or somebody would have found the body—which is cheerful of him, I must say. And he adds something else which is certainly more sensible—that Uncle is the last man on earth to come to any harm. I think he says it grudgingly. . . Well, what do *you* think of it? I am feeling very anxious, and I really *must* see you, because I always think . . "—the rest became mere irrelevance.

"So she shall see me," thought Kane sentimentally, and he glanced at the strong-room door, reflecting on its invincibility, and cheerfully went back to work.

* * *

That very evening an hour after leaving the stores, Mr. Prosing rang up and spoke in horrified accents to Kane.

"Kane, I have had my keys stolen! I've no idea how it can have happened! I just stepped straight into the car and was brought out home and never spoke a word to anyone! But they've gone!"

"You may have left them in your room," suggested Kane.

"No, I can't have done that, because they're on a ring, and the ring is attached to a chain, and the chain has gone too! They've been stolen, I tell you!"

"Most awkward," murmured Kane.

"Now, Kane, I implicitly rely on you. I want you to watch the strong-room to-night. I can't go into the reasons now, but the package I deposited there this morning is worth incalculable money, and I have reason to suspect some scoundrels are trying to get possession of it. It will only be for to-night. To-morrow we'll have a new lock. Will you do it, Kane? I ask you as a friend."

"Assuredly," said Kane, unconcernedly. "Don't worry at all, Mr. Prosing."

And he had no doubt that the confidence would be misapplied.

The stores was just closing. Ten minutes later all the lights were extinguished, and the waning light of evening filtered grayly through the blinds. Kane made a leisurely tour over the whole of the establishment, whistling intermittently as he passed through the silent sale-rooms. And, in spite of his unconcern, his eyes were keen and observant.

It was fully an hour later when he returned to the street level, and suddenly remembered he had forgotten to provide himself with food. But the omission did not worry him. He had a habit of adapting himself to circumstances, and an ingrained sense of duty forbade him to leave the premises for a while.

He carried down an armchair to the corridor in the basement, and there in the dark composed himself comfortably, smoking interminable cigarettes. A weaker-nerved man would have switched on the light.

But Kane, were the truth confessed, was desiring rather than dreading adventure. He found himself stiff at last, and cold too, and realised that it would be wise to fetch some rugs. Feeling his way along the wall to the steps his lowered left hand encountered suddenly a crouching form.

"By George!" whispered Kane, and his heart leaped violently in his breast.

The next moment he was at grapples with a man. Small and supple he was, with arms like wire ropes. Even as he tore the cruel fingers from his throat he felt a stunning blow from behind and lost consciousness.

(To be continued.)

"FED-UP" TOMMY ATKINS: GRAVE DISCONTENT IN THE ARMY.

The lower deck of the Royal Navy is to have its very real grievances redressed. Perhaps it will be Tommy's turn next.

The Army is discontented, and not without reason. The latest pin-prick is the working of the National Insurance Act as applied to soldiers.

For the purposes of the Act a soldier has 1½d. a week deducted from his pay. Now suppose he falls sick, what happens?

He goes into hospital and has 7d. a day stopped from his pay for medical attendance, comforts, etc. That is unless his sickness is proved to be due to military duty, in which case half of the 7d. stoppage may be remitted.

Taking His Money.

It will be seen, therefore, that if Tommy catches, say, measles, and it is impossible—as it usually will be—to prove that he got the disease in the course of military duty, he has to pay as much as he did for hospital treatment before plus a tax of three ha'pence a week.

At present then the Insurance Act, so far from benefiting T.A., simply takes money out of his pocket. In the case of a soldier admitted to hospital in consequence of his own misconduct, for example, suffering from delirium tremens, he forfeits all pay while in hospital. Where is his Insurance money coming from?

If he belong to an approved society is that society going to give him sick benefit while he is suffering from D.T.'s? It would be subversive of good order and military discipline if it did.

It seems to me that so far from Tommy Atkins getting "rare and refreshing fruit" in the shape of ninepence or fourpence he is paying three ha'pence a week for nothing at all.

Badly Treated when Sick.

Personally I have always held that the soldier is badly treated when he is sick. In cases of disease, as apart from accident or injury, it is usually practically impossible for him to prove that he contracted the disease as the result of military duty, and when he cannot do so more than half his pay is taken away from him for "hospital stoppages."

Yet recruiting posters and leaflets promise Free Medical Attendance in large type. It is true that they mention hospital stoppages—in small print and confusing language. But the average recruit, being often barely able to read, gets the impression that if he falls sick he will be treated free.

Misleading to say the least of it, and a justifiable grievance.

Uncared-for Consumptives.

The conditions of Army life favour consumptives, and many a soldier contracts tuberculosis practically as the result of military duty, though, of course, he can't prove it. There are no sanatoria for consumptive soldiers. They should have been established at a cost of, roughly, £500,000 a year; but Lord Haldane, though always spouting about his esteem and affection for the soldier, refused to spend the money—not more than the salaries of one or two Insurance Act Commissioners.

Perhaps the new Secretary of State for War—Colonel Seely—will look after the consumptive soldier. Perhaps at present all his time seems to be taken up in introducing compulsory military training as an "idle terror" and talking sympathetically about the Briton's dislike of compulsion.

Personally, I don't see anything to boast about in this national trait, real or alleged.

Australians and New Zealanders have compulsory military training, and I am not aware that they are down-trodden or less manly and independent than we are.

Re-engagement Trouble.

However, to return to Tommy's grievances, he has none better founded than that relating to re-engagement. A soldier, I may explain, usually enlists for seven years with the Colours, five years with the Reserve. At the end of seven years he may be permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the colours, and at the end of 12 years he may be allowed to re-engage to complete 21 years service with the colours, thus making the Army his life's profession, and qualifying for a fairly decent pension.

I admit, as has already been pointed out in *Modern Man*, that re-engagement has always been a privilege, but until Lord Haldane came along it was never denied to a well-conducted man.

One of Lord Haldane's last acts was to forbid the re-engagement of more than 10 per cent. of qualified men.

What would be said of a railway company that suddenly issued an order compelling every employee to leave at the age of thirty?

There are many soldiers now serving who enlisted with the intention of sticking to the Army for good, and now find themselves "dished" by this most unjust ordinance.

"Fed-Up" Officers.

If the rank and file are pretty well "fed up" the commissioned ranks are even more so, as witness the great and serious shortage of officers.

As an ex-soldier, Colonel Seely is welcome as Secretary of State for War, but the amorphous Army Council still remains, and the Army Council is hated, despised and distrusted throughout the Army, thanks to its Star Chamber methods, and its gross and palpable inefficiency.

The Army may be officerless and horseless, the Territorial Army may be without guns, there may be a drop in recruiting and an increase in desertion, but the Army Council meets and produces—a new shako, or an extra Army Form.

The officers' pay is the same as it was thirty years ago—and it was absolutely inadequate then—but his living expenses have greatly increased, as have everybody's for that matter, and his duties have been quadrupled at least.

The question is not Why don't men become Army officers? but Why on earth should they?

Colonel Seely has inherited from Lord Haldane an Army that is profoundly dissatisfied in all its ranks.

"CHINSTRAP."

'TWAS EVER THUS.

The sweet sea air steals softly all around me,
The wave-song croonings lull me into sleep.
I dream not of the past—nor yet the future,
I simply doze or fall in slumber deep—
I worry not a whit anent the German,
Or answer, if at my door Fortune knocks;
I've got ten days—ten heavenly days—to idle,
Upon the rocks.

These beatific days will soon be ended,
The winds and waves but recollections be,
The dozy dreamy days, alas! forgotten,
When I return to town to work, ah, me!
But one thing will remain, as a reminder
Of happy days—alas! 'twill give me shocks;
I'll still be, wheresoe'er I wander,
Upon the rocks.

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

* * *

SEVENTY YEARS WITHOUT LUNCH.

Asked on his ninety-second birthday how he kept himself fit for work, Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada, said: "Why by working. I have been a working man all my life; always glad of something to do, as long as it was something fit for a man to do."

No birthday feast marked the day. Lord Strathcona's rule, for close on seventy years now, has been to eat only two meals a day.

"For sixty years it has been my custom to go without lunch," he once said to a newspaper man. "I have only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner."

MY NOTE BOOK.

"As one who takes what little practical interest I can in the housing of the poor, I was very pleased to see in last week's number of *Modern Man* the outspoken article on 'Human Cattle Pens.'"

With these words "W.R.W." (a Londoner) opens a letter on the shocking evils of overcrowding, and continues: "I, too, know of cases where ten or a dozen people have been found sleeping in a single room without even a screen or curtain to provide privacy.

"Tremendous difficulties, of course, present themselves in arriving at anything like a satisfactory solution to this terrible problem, but I certainly think that a bigger concerted effort than has ever been attempted should be made to wipe out these fearful disgrace spots."

HAVE YOU GOT ONE?

Yes, "W.R.W.," where there is squalor in a big city tremendous difficulties have to be encountered, difficulties that seem to be insurmountable. It is, however, open to us to do our very utmost in any matter of reform. Therefore, with you, I sincerely hope that this will be done to decrease the appalling number of "Human Cattle Pens" in this London of ours.

* * *

"THE FINEST TO BE GOT."

Now to turn to a much more savoury subject. Last week I gave extracts from letters penned by readers, all of which breathed great satisfaction with *Modern Man*. Since then more complimentary messages have come to hand, and I cannot resist quoting a few.

In ordering a *Modern Man* fountain pen, to be sent him to Gibraltar, an admirer informs me:—

"Here I have to pay 2d. for *Modern Man*, but if it was a shilling I should get it."

W.R. (Mountain Ash, South Wales) tenders appreciation in this form:—

"I think your paper in its new form is the finest to be got to-day."

H.W.T. a member of the Police Force in Cornwall, in ordering one of the athletic badges, which he describes as "quite smart looking," adds:—

"Now just a word as regards the new style of *Modern Man*. I like it very much, and wish you every success."

S.H.C. (Worcester) thinks like my South Wales supporter, and adds:—

"The rapidly increasing circulation you mentioned is richly deserved. At first I did not care for the woman's page, but as now given I really cannot object. In fact, I find it very interesting. May your paper long flourish."

* * *

R.T. (Stamford) writes in an interesting letter: "Three words express my opinion of *Modern Man* 'Better than ever.' The plain speaking paragraphs are splendid, and well worthy of the *Modern Man*. Don't drop 'The Modern Man' column, for they are very good studies."

* * *

W.G.F. (Milford Haven) writes: "I have taken *Modern Man* for two years, and there is not another paper to beat it."

* * *

JUDGED DISTANCE BY HEARING.

Concerning "Blind Jack," of Knaresborough—John Metcalf—who was mentioned a fortnight ago in an interesting article dealing with old-time performances by blind men, I am now able to furnish some new facts:—

His sense of judging distance by hearing was so acute that he was quite a good hand at bowls. A confederate would stand by the jack and another half-way. These two would keep up a running fire of conversation, and by the sound of their voices he would guess the distance.

Perhaps the most remarkable of his feats, and which, if not positively known to be true, one might take *cum grano salis*, with a touch of cayenne, as Jorrocks would say, was that Blind Jack was able to obtain pugilistic laurels. Well built and standing 6 feet 2 inches, he fought and knocked out in six hard rounds a well-known "pug.," reckoned the champion of the neighbourhood.

He died at the ripe age of 94, having made a comfortable fortune as a contractor for road-making, obtaining the capital for this enterprise by starting the first stage coach between York and Knaresborough, driving it himself, twice a week in summer and once in winter.

The individual best able to say how this [illegible] that undertaking is being appreciated is the person directly in charge. In regard to our free Exchange Bureau for [illegible] cyclists, I am pleased that *Modern Man* has been able to be of good service to a number of readers, and hope that the requirements of all will be met.

The wire service continues to be very popular, and the Racing Editor's selections in the paper for Monday included no less than five winners.

Owing to the great demand for *Modern Man* fountain pens, there has been a little delay in dispatch in some cases, but all the orders are attended to as promptly as possible. The athletic badge is still going well. In describing it as "the badge of the season," writes one reader, "you have hit it fine. I think it ripping, and several friends upon seeing mine sent straight away for one. I have also decided to join the League."

* * *

A MORMON AND A HYMN.

To repeat what has been stated in previous numbers, *Modern Man* is always ready to give publicity to anything written in a serious vein by a reader who takes exception to any article appearing in our columns. A fortnight ago a paragraph appeared in "Plain Speaking" expressing satisfaction that the Mormons had been practically turned out of the Stockwell Institute, and there was also given the following specimen of the hymns contained in a volume published by the Sect:—

Through Him Who holds the healing power,
Ye faithful ones, who heed
Celestial laws, take many wives,
And rear a righteous seed.
Though fools revile, I'll honour you
As Abraham, my friend,
You shall be God's and shall be blest
With lives that never end.

A reader in Stoke (Coventry) now writes:—

"I have not yet seen this hymn in any of our books, so I enquired of one of our members, who has belonged to the 'Church' for over 15 years, and he emphatically asserts that the verse is not from a Mormon hymn.

"But even though it were, would you have us obliterate from, or destroy the whole book since we ceased to advocate plural marriages?

"I think I am voicing the sentiments of all Mormons when I say that we still believe in polygamy; and, further more, we challenge anyone to find in the Bible one single passage condemning or forbidding the same.

"But inasmuch as Christ himself said that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it, so do we believe in being subject to the law of the land where we may be.

"I am writing to you solely because I firmly believe that your contributor has been misinformed."

The verse quoted above was, I might say, taken from the columns of a well-known and reputable newspaper.

* * *

MEN'S RULING PASSIONS.

I have been reminded during the week of the assertion of a physician connected with a big hospital that "ruling passions of men assert their power even in the face of death."

Continuing the doctor said: "Ruling passions will possess the dying at the final moment as intensely as they did throughout life, and they prove beyond question that the thought of dissolution is subordinate to the dominant passions that control the mind.

"When a financier is dying his last thought is upon securities and funds he is to leave behind him, and until he falls into the state of coma which generally precedes death he discusses his financial affairs with members of his family.

"If a man's life has been devoted to thoughts of revenge upon his enemies and death overtakes him before his mission has been accomplished, his only regret in passing is that his object in life has not been attained."

* * *

J.W.S.(Hull).—Thanks for photograph of yourself in camp at Scarborough with the R.A.M.C., also for your good wishes.

YOUR EDITOR.

BEACH BOUNDERS: TRIPPERS TOWNS COULD WELL DISPENSE WITH.

... is the harvest season for the seaside resort. Some ...aces are welcoming the well-to-do resident who spends ...the summer holidays in his own well-appointed house, or ...in the smart hotel with its big restaurant and band; others ...us catering for the day tripper with his family of children, ...packets of sandwiches and his bottle of "cold tea." ...All are competing, one with another, to gain the lion's share ...holiday traffic.

Terrors to Every Resort.

Keen as is the competition, there are several classes of trippers that no town wants. The rowdy, mischievous type, which cannot take a holiday without doing wanton damage, ...is a terror to every resort. These are the folk who go ...singing and shouting along the suburban roads, making ...day and night hideous with their raucous shouts, who ...may tear down the branches of the flowering shrubs ...that hang over garden walls, and leave them strewn along ...the streets.

Young hooligans, these, who at night-fall usually end by getting drunk, and making trouble for the local police, while their ways of amusing themselves on the beach are ...often unpleasant and dangerous.

A cad of this type was found on Yarmouth beach last September, setting up glass bottles and using them as targets for stones. The beach was strewn with splinters of glass enough to have lamed every bare-footed child in the ...bay. Another visitor remonstrated. He was met with a torrent of foul abuse, and had the good sense to at once hand over the fellow to the police. We are glad to say that he was sharply fined.

Peril to Decent Women.

Worse than the merely ape-like hooligan is a better dressed type, whose very presence is a peril to every decent woman. It is almost impossible to adequately police the great stretches of beach and fore-shore which are the proud possessions of many of our most beautiful resorts.

The recent terrible crime at Yarmouth should be a warning to parents and guardians against allowing girls, whether their daughters, wards or servants, to venture alone on the broad beaches of a crowded resort.

City fathers, as a rule, do not seem sufficiently alive to what goes on after nightfall on the sands. They manage these things much better in America, where police provided with powerful electric lanterns parade the beaches from dark till dawn.

Relic Hunting Vandals.

The relic hunting vandal is another abomination. It is the tripper of this type who has desecrated the beautiful "Garden of Sleep" at Sidestrand, near Cromer. Here the sea has undercut the cliffs so that the ancient graveyard has been partly carried away, and the poor remains of the dead have been left sticking out of the face of the broken sandstone.

...in the world anyone could possibly want with such ...relics as the sculls or leg-bones of the unknown ...it is difficult to imagine. Yet it is an absolute fact ...that relic hunters have been let down with ropes in order to dig out the human remains exposed in the face of the cliff.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord of the Manor, tried the experiment of placing a notice in a prominent position courteously reminding visitors that the ground was consecrated and should be treated as such. What was the result? Within a few months the whole board was scribbled over with names of visitors and foolish witticisms.

Brutal Untidiness.

There is perhaps no more trying trait on the part of the ...day hooligan than his crazy desire to perpetuate his unknown name by scribbling, scratching or cutting it in every available spot. From the pyramids of Egypt down to the finger-post at the cross-roads, nothing is safe from the pencil or pen-knife of this type of lunatic.

Lord Durham was forced to close his beautiful grounds at Lambton Park because the head forester said that there was scarcely a tree on the estate on which John Smith or William Jones had not carved his insignificant initials.

Another trait of this type of tripper is his wanton and brutal untidiness. The other day a visitor to one of the most beautiful resorts on the Welsh coast wrote to the London papers complaining bitterly of the utter lack of decency on the part of this type of tripper.

The beach under the towering cliffs he found absolutely littered with the rubbish they had flung down. He counted hundreds of empty sandwich and chocolate packets, paper bags, cigarette boxes an a host of other untidy litter. This sort of carelessness is in reality due to pure selfishness, a selfishness which, we regret to say, seems to be on the increase.

Lunatics and Small Boats.

Less blatantly obnoxious, but perhaps more trying to the nerves of those responsible for the safety of seaside visitors, are those foolhardy people who are always risking their own and other people's lives through sheer ignorance or recklessness. No fewer than seventy per cent. of all holiday fatalities arise from boating accidents. Small wonder, when cheerful idiots, who have never before been afloat on salt water, will coolly hire a boat and go off absolutely on their own! There is the lunatic who stands up in a small boat and upsets it with everyone aboard, the man who makes the sheet fast and is, of course, capsized by the first puff, and the person who climbs out on slippery rocks and gets washed off into the sea.

At Calais no fewer than six persons were drowned in this way at one time. They had climbed out upon a slippery stone jetty to watch the Dover steamer "Queen" go by. When she did, the swell swept them every one off. And, of course, they could not swim!

SPORTING MIXTURE.

Hatfield, the Middlesbrough amateur swimmer, put up a new record at Weston-super-Mare last week for 500 metres, covering the distance in 6 mins. 56 4-5 secs. A remarkably fine performance.

* * *

We are pleased to record the fact that Pte. Palmer, the clever Midland boxer, is recovering from the serious illness that has for so long kept him in the background.

* * *

Writers on turf matters seem to agree that our three-year-old racehorses are only moderate, but we doubt very much whether R. Wootton, the clever Epsom trainer, would subscribe to that view.

* * *

The series of triangular test matches in this country have proved a distinct disappointment even to the most optimistic, and we cannot bring ourselves to think that the experiment will be tried again.

* * *

American critics proclaim Bombardier Wells to be the cleverest boxer seen for twenty years, and think him a world beater. In view of that fact we think it is up to our man to dispute Joe Jeannette's claim to the heavyweight championship. Now then, "Billy"!

* * *

Jeannette is without doubt a clever man, and a pretty stiff obstacle to overcome, but we think Wells can do it. Just a little more confidence, "Billy," and a bit more steam behind that wicked punch, and you'll stop 'em all.

* * *

A rumour is going round that Mr. Fairie will shortly transfer his racehorses to Newmarket, and place them under the care of Mr. F. Lambton. What's wrong at Manton?

* * *

Reading F.C. have accomplished a fine stroke of business in securing the services of the clever Army forward, T. D. Mitchell. The soldier is a football artist, who is one day destined to get his cap.

* * *

Mention of fortunate clubs reminds us that Fate has smiled upon Woolwich Arsenal, who recently secured three players from the now disbanded Leyton club, without drawing on their finances.

CONCERNING POLITICS.

NEED FOR AN ANTI-SOMETHING LEAGUE.

Just now, when signs are not wanting that before very long we shall be face to face with another general election, a few reflections on politics will not be amiss.

It seems to me some people are so uncomfortably stuffed with politics that they can't sleep at night. They know everything about it, including Balfour's golf handicap and the shop where Winston Churchill buys his hats. They talk smoothly of the member for Wopshire, mentioning him by his Christian name with a "bless-you-we-were-boys-at-college-together" air.

Speaking to a Member.

I'm not like that. True, I was once on speaking terms with a member of Parliament. I gently remarked "Shame!" and he told someone to tell me to sit down. Politics are beyond me, you see. I don't understand them. England should be grateful to me for not mixing myself up with them, since I know nothing about them, and would probably cause the constitution to come unstuck if I tried to help the political situation.

I do not concern myself with politics any more than politics concern themselves with me. People are always asking me about Asquith. Why should I talk about Asquith? Asquith doesn't talk about me.

Politics, so far as I can discover, is the art of trying to get what you think everybody else ought to want.

Being a member of Parliament has no charms for me. You never have an inkling that your services are appreciated till the papers publish your obituary notice.

Stroll Round a Bazaar.

Let us be unkind and presume that you are setting up in business as a politician, and desire to open a branch establishment at Westminster. Your views, we take it, are "sound." All politicians have sound views: some of them are nothing but sound.

You will first of all persuade someone to invite you to open a bazaar. This feat you will perform in a neat speech hinting at your unworthiness and pausing for cries of "No, no." Then you will stroll round the bazaar and tell every lady confidentially that her stall is the most striking of the lot. Also you will buy a sofa cushion. And so you will get a nucleus of supporters.

Thenceforward you will make speeches on the slightest provocation, or lack of provocation. And after a lot of words and invitations to dinner and printing ink has been shed, you will come to polling day.

People on that day will vote for you, or abstain from voting for the other man, and so you will become a full-fledged Member of Parliament.

"Cheapest Club in England."

You now specialize. You hint dark things about the inadequacy of the Government beetle-traps, or, with an air of one who expects the most and will be disappointed if he does not get it, you inquire into the amount of air-space allotted to the gryphons at the Zoo.

At first the newspapers will refer to your efforts thus: "Mr. Orvulle-Bawe also spoke." When the newspapers say that "Mr. Orvulle-Bawe, in the course of a lengthy and powerful speech, was understood to say that he agreed with the previous speaker," you will know that your day is at hand.

And it is to enable you to do this sort of thing that elections are held, and we have to give up pleasant evenings at home to go out and be told that if we don't vote for Foozler England is doomed.

Is it worth while? Just because a few hundred people have heard that the House of Commons is the cheapest club in England and so are eager to get into it, are we to be badgered and bothered and bullied into exercising our vote at short intervals?

Suggestion and an Offer.

I trow not! And I think that what someone ought to do is start an Anti-Something League to do away with all superfluous elections; and I'll tell you what—if anyone cares to start such a notion and pay a good salary to the secretary, I'll be secretary.

How would it be to start a Voters' Passive Resistance League? If everyone unanimously refused to register a vote things would look a bit funny, wouldn't they?

After all, why not give women the vote? Then they could do the electing business while we went to the races.

COMPRESSED ITEMS.

CRISP PARS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

A gardener at Boston (Lincolnshire) has dug a root of potatoes with 123 tubers attached.

* * *

An old soldier employed by the Hayes (Middlesex) Council as a roadman has just died, leaving eleven sons, all soldiers.

* * *

Statistics collected by Borelly, the French astronomer, show that since the sixteenth century 376 comets have been discovered.

* * *

A wealthy French hermit has left a provision in his will for an annual prize of £400 for the most perfect girl, physically and morally, in Savoy.

* * *

In consequence of the dirty condition of the town foun-tain, Mr. Bartram, chairman of the Braintree Urban Council, stripped to his shirt sleeves and gave the fountain a thorough cleansing.

* * *

Amersham Guardians have protested against what is described as "one of the latest fads and novelties of the County Council"—the appointment of an inspector under the American gooseberry mildew order.

* * *

Sanscrit manuscripts written on 7,000 palm leaves are to be photographed at Oxford University before being returned to their lender, the Maharajah of Nepal. Some of the manuscripts are 1,400 years old.

* * *

Three pen-nibs represented last week's gifts to the alms-box at All Saints' Church, Wellingborough, and the Vicar says: "Nothing makes me so despondent and sad as when men deliberately go out of their way to mock the Almighty."

* * *

A man who visited Peru, Indiana, twenty-five years ago on a bicycle tour, has left £10,000 in his will to people who were kind to him. One woman received £200 for a bowl of soup, another the same amount for a glass of milk, and a man a like sum for a loan of 8s.

* * *

Sent from Richmond, Surrey, on September 24th, 1906, to Miss G. Comyns, when she was staying at Mount Pleasant, Middle Claydon, Buckinghamshire, a postcard arrived at Heath Farm House, Watford, Hertfordshire, a few days ago, having been nearly eight years on its journey.

* * *

Containing three eggs, a linnet's nest, perfectly made, has been found in the tool box of a reaping machine in the implement yard of a Bourne firm of manufacturers.

The machine had only been in the yard for a few days, and the sole aperture was so tiny that the birds could hardly make their entrance.

* * *

A large placard bearing the following inscription has just been placed on the station of Sarmen, Switzerland, with the consent of the local authorities:—

"Notice.—Considering the abuses which have resulted, messieurs the honourable strangers are requested not to kiss each other on the platforms of the station.—(Signed) The Society for the Protection of Young Girls Travelling Alone."

* * *

A man applied to the Kingston county justices a few days ago for advice.

"A young man insists on coming to my house to pay addresses to my daughter," he stated, "and he also keeps her out late at night. Although I had forbidden him the house, he climbed in through the window, and when I remonstrated with him he pinned me against the wall."

On the suggestion of the chairman, the warrant officer promised to caution the too ardent lover.

* * *

The high cost of living in the United States does not cause nearly as much concern to the average householder as the scarcity of cooks who are sufficiently qualified to boil an egg and bake a pudding.

A well-known hotel man in Pennsylvania, who wanted a cook for his summer residence, recently inserted the following advertisement in all the local newspapers.

"Wanted, woman cook for mountain home; good wages; room, with bath and toilet; private dining-room; no laundry work or milking to do; use of back porch and half-acre of lawn; lots of flowers to look at; one afternoon off each week; seventeen-mile motor car ride once each week."

The Modern Woman's Realm.

The largest baby in the world is a fifteen-months-old child Springfield, Mo., which weighs seventy-seven pounds. "baby" wears a No. 6 hat and a No. 8 woman's glove. has been fed on diluted whisky since it was two months , with other food.

* * *

Jewellery is now being introduced on footgear. This pensive fashion originated in Vienna, but is gaining ound rapidly in London.

Handsome buckles and brooches, such as might adorn frock or smart hat, now add the finishing touch to a walk- shoe or dancing slipper.

* * *

The management of the smartest summer hotel at Long each, California, has issued invitations to 100 "perfectly ce young men" to accept the hotel's hospitality at the te of £5 per month, in order to supply the large crowd summer girls with escorts.

* * *

Penalty of Prettiness.

A pretty, accomplished, but poor Geneva girl, who wanted enter an English family, in England, as governess and so to perfect her English, found her beauty the greatest ndrance to getting work, and after seven months' struggle has returned home.

The girl knows several languages, is a good musician and , and is modest and patient. She obtained several but after a few days or weeks in different families was dismissed, several mistresses frankly stating that was too pretty to be employed as a governess. Other es, after the first interview, did not communicate with r again.

Finally she determined to go to America, and in a London tel met by appointment a wealthy American lady, who anted a French governess for her two children. "My! ou are too pretty to work," said the American lady, and e Swiss girl, disheartened, has returned home, and is now eking a situation in her own country.

Where are the bachelors?

* * *

A woman at Tottenham: I only had one drink.
Magistrate: Are you sure it was only one you had?
Woman: Well, it was two.
Magistrate: It wasn't three, was it?
Woman: You have a kind voice. I admit it was four.

* * *

The Language of Ears.

Ears not only hear—they talk.

Just as some people regard the eyes, or the lips, or the in, as being of great assistance in the estimation of a erson's character, so do others hold that there is much to ide one in the ears.

Ears that are very red and very fleshy are supposed to oint to a coarse and vulgar nature. On the other hand, ot noticeably close to the head are a sign of refine- nt. Small, elongated ears indicate the same desirable aracteristic; if set close to the head, they show that their ssessor is quick to perceive, and also betray a timid, tiring tendency. Ears that stand forward are thought be a bad sign, showing greed and sometimes cruelty.

The above must only be regarded as broad, general indica- , not fixed and definite rules. Sometimes physical alities, accidents, etc., will affect the ears without aking any change in the temperament.

* * *

What is said to be the world's longest love letter has been entioned in connection with a breach of promise case in ew York. Counsel had arranged it in booklet form, belled "A dream of heaven, complete in three volumes."

* * *

"There's something in this youngster I like," said the sitor, who was trotting four-year-old Willie on his knee. Willie looked at the visitor queerly for a moment then ained "Who told you I swallowed a penny?"

Letting her know too soon just what he really is.

The directors of a school in Silesia, Germany, have just warned the women teachers that next term they will not be allowed to attend in hobble skirts and gigantic hats, but will have to dress "as befits the serious calling of teachers of the young."

* * *

The way to please a woman is to tell her what she is trying to make herself believe.

* * *

Lot's wife became a pillar of salt; most other wives become peppery.

* * *

The Palm Bearer.

'Tis thus I reply when folks inquire
What type of woman I most admire.
I admire the maid in the bloom of youth,
I admire the woman—the soul of truth.
But I think that she is a heroine
Who comes to a mirror—and *doesn't look in.*

I admire the peasant with homely face
As well as the Queen with her courtly grace;
The singer who takes all hearts by storm,
And the athletic girl with her perfect form.
But "she" bears the palm who can pass unheeding
A shop when—*a great bargain sale is proceeding.*

* * *

One secret of next season's fashions has leaked out. The quaint old tiaras and gigantic gold and silver combs of a generation ago will form part of the smart evening coiffure, and this means that the hair will be dressed very high on the head.

Tiny side combs are to return to favour again after their long banishment, and unruly locks are to be kept in place by dainty little clasps of horn or metal.

Combs will practically oust every other hair ornament, and bejewelled hairpins which were introduced last year will be very much in request.

7 PATTERNS FREE
IN EACH COPY
Bowerman's
August Dressmaker
Special Seaside & Holiday Dress No

On Sale at all Newsagents, price 2d., or direct from Publishers, for Three Stamps.—Bowerman's Dressmaker, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

HOW TO LIVE RENT FREE

FORTY LANDLORDS BILKED IN TEN YEARS.

I am house-hunting again, although I only moved into my present abode on the day preceding last quarter-day. On the day before next quarter-day I shall change my domicile for the forty-first time in ten years. I move on the day before every quarter-day. I am a quarterly tenant in an unusual sense of the term.

"Fairness" to Landlords.

You see I have to move; not because I don't pay any rent, for it would be easy enough for me to stay much longer than a single quarter and still not part with any money to the landlord, but because I like to be as fair to landlords as my circumstances will allow me to be. I have heard of unprincipled people who have taken houses for three years, with no clause in the agreement providing for cancellation if the rent is not paid, and have stayed there the whole time without paying a farthing of rent.

Some tenants of that sort even go to the length of doing this as a regular thing, unless the landlord pays them to give up possession. I wouldn't do anything like that, having still some sense of decency.

As a matter of fact, I cannot afford to pay rent, and I am compelled by my poverty to victimise tradesmen; but I have a heart that is honest at bottom, and I spread my depredations over as many people as I possibly can, so that the compulsory charity I levy shall not weigh very heavily on those who have to provide for my wants.

Entitled to be called "Rotter."

It is not, of course, possible for me to object to your thinking of me as a "rotter," for I am fairly entitled to that ugly name; but my own conscience does not hurt me much, because I have myself been robbed of a great deal more than I am ever likely to do other people out of.

I was once in very comfortable circumstances, and was brought down to my present shifty mode of life owing to my having been swindled out of all my property except a miserable sum of twenty-four shillings a week, which it was out of my power to deprive myself of.

That twenty-four shillings a week is now all that my wife and myself have to live upon, so you will see that paying rent is out of the question.

It is very easy to live rent-free in London, if one goes the right way about it.

In the first place we had to make up our minds to live the simple life, as far as furniture was concerned, because one might just as well pay rent as have to go to the expense of moving a houseful of furniture every three months.

At the same time we were alive to the fact that the house would have to look as well from the outside as others in the neighbourhood if we were to get through our quarter's stay without exciting suspicion.

"Held up" in the Hall.

After we got into the first house we took on the no-rent plan, we discovered that it would be necessary to furnish the hall and carpet the first flight of stairs in good style, unless we were prepared to keep the front door on the chain, which was not thought of.

We now open the front door wide to callers, in order that they may visualise the real Turkey rug on the hall floor, the rich stair carpet, the expensive appearance of the pictures on the walls, and the opulent look of the hall stand.

No visitor is ever allowed to penetrate further than the hall, for the sufficient reason that the sole furniture of every room in the house, with the exception of two, is a pair of expensive lace curtains drawn close before the window.

A couple of long-seated, comfortably upholstered Oxford wicker chairs, two dining chairs, a table for the sitting-room and another for the kitchen, a comfortable bed, a couple of lamps, a simple outfit of crockery and cooking utensils, two carpet squares, and a few packing cases of various sizes, is a fairly complete inventory of the furniture of our two living-rooms and the kitchen.

The whole house could be dismantled and the chattels packed away in an ordinary spring cart in about a quarter of an hour; but it must not be inferred from this that are not comfortable, for, as a matter of fact, we are cosy indeed. You will probably think that people like have no right to be comfortable, and I cannot that we have acquired merit; but it is the fact that we no privations, and I don't care what you think about it.

House-Hunting Enjoyable.

We no sooner get nicely settled in a house than we hunting for the next one, and very enjoyable we find hunting—on the principle that constant use will make enjoy anything, I suppose. We are as hard to please we intended to settle down in the house for the rest natural lives, and I rather fancy that we impress and agents to the extent that they think that they done a good stroke of business when they have us to enter into an agreement with them. We change name with every move, so it is quite easy to give ence to myself as my own previous landlord, whose house I have lived in for six years.

Moving After Dark.

When the time for moving arrives I hire a small covered van in the district we are moving to, which is much safer than being moved by anyone in the district we are moving from, as the removal is not so likely to be traced. I am careful, too, never to get this spring cart from a regular furniture remover or from a man whose place is anywhere near the house.

The van draws up after dark at the house we are leaving, and before it has stood long enough to excite the neighbours' curiosity it is off again with our goods inside it.

It may seem an incredible statement, but it is true that we have never once been traced during the whole ten years that we have been living in this way.

Tradesmen Treated Tenderly.

We treat the tradesmen very tenderly. For the first six weeks in the quarter we pay for all we have. The first week's bills are paid on the following Monday. The next accounts are let run for a fortnight, and are then paid. No payment is then made for three weeks, but the accounts are cleared up at the end of that time.

Following this the bills go on for six weeks and are not paid at all. Under this system the tradesmen do not lose much by us, so it may easily be imagined that when they find that we have disappeared and left no easily recoverable traces they simply write the debts off as not worth worrying about.

Do I commit any offence against the criminal law? Frankly speaking, I don't know. It is quite possible that I could be prosecuted for obtaining the letting of a house on agreement by fraud; but the chances appear to me to be so remote that the thought does not give me a moment's uneasiness. If I am a rogue, in a legal sense, I am of such small account that I am not worth the powder and shot that would be necessary to bring me down.

Widow and Sentiment.

I have paid one quarter's rent during the past ten years. I had no need to do it really; but it came out that my landlady was a widow who had no other source of income than the rent of that house. As soon as I heard that I told my wife, and we both got gripped by an attack of that we couldn't leave that landlady unpaid. It was a sentiment, and I felt as good over it as if I were giving money away in charity, but I paid her next day and told her that she had better try and get another tenant as I had just received an intimation that I was utterly ruined. I forget the amount of sympathy that woman wasted upon us was astonishing. She even offered me my money back, telling me that I could pay her at some future time; but I am glad to say that I overcame the temptation to take her at her word.

Since then I have been somewhat particular in my selection of landlords, because I don't really want to rob anyone who cannot afford it.

F. M.

WHAT'S ON AT THE SEASIDE.

USEFUL HINTS TO HOLIDAY MAKERS.

BOURNEMOUTH.

Beautiful Bournemouth is known, thanks to the poetic efforts of an enthusiastic visitor, as "the City of Pines by the Sea." It enjoys a splendid climate—warm in winter and cool in summer. Nobody who has seen the "chines"—as they are called—will ever forget those picturesque spots, which compare in quiet beauty with any of the boasted "bits" of the Continent.

Permanent attractions at Bournemouth are:

The Municipal Orchestra, consisting of 64 musicians, under the baton of Mr. Dan Godfrey. This collection of music-makers is acknowledged to be one of the finest in England.

Concerts on the pier, three times daily.

Entertainments in the Winter Gardens, which are brilliantly illuminated at night.

* * *

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

Southend-on-Sea is a resort which bears the reputation of being too extensively beloved by the day-tripper from the East End of London. While it is true that the cheap-ticket contingent makes its presence known in no uncertain manner at times, all classes are catered for in this bright and enterprising town; and in the western portions one is offered all the attractions of the most select and distingué resorts.

As is well-known, the pier is the longest in the British Isles, and to save the tired legs of visitors, an electric railway runs its entire length. There are a very ably-managed music-hall, a theatre, and more than one moving-picture exhibition for such as like indoor amusements. Boating, fishing, and short sea trips may be freely indulged in.

The New Palace Steamers, Ltd., run day trips from London Bridge to Southend.

* * *

RHYL.

Rhyl, one of the most popular resorts in North Wales, is recommended by medical men as a perfect place for convalescents, for the over-worked, for the "run down," and for invalids generally. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, its temperature is agreeable; for another, Rhyl is renowned for its sunshine, the average of the past eight years gives only 40 days per annum without sunshine being recorded.

The new Marine Gardens are a novel attraction, and always crowded with happy holiday-makers. At the Marine Lake there is a host of amusements, including a water-chute, a Figure Eight railway, and a Miniature Railway, which affords the greatest delight to the younger generation. In the Municipal Pavilion such artistes as Clara Butt and Ada Crossley may be heard—in fact Rhyl provides its visitors with one endless round of entertainments.

* * *

PENZANCE.

Another place famous for its sunshine is Penzance—where glorious weather may be enjoyed even when the rest of these islands are suffering from the too pressing attentions of Jupiter Pluvius. Here, at the western extremity of England, where the Atlantic rollers plunge, is not only beautiful and romantic scenery, but practically an unlimited choice of amusements.

There are steamer trips to various places of beauty and interest, including the Scilly Isles, excursions, by motor-car or char-a-banc. Sea-bathing is very good at Penzance, and is extensively gone in for.

* * *

LOWESTOFT.

Situated at the most easterly point of Great Britain, Lowestoft, in some places 150 feet above sea-level, is one of the most bracing resorts we have. A week in its invigorating and well-ozoned air will do a visitor "a world of good" —in fact, a regular tonic. The esplanade and piers are favourite spots, and there is, in the popular phrase, "always something going on"—even on Sunday, nearly everywhere a merry day.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PARS AND ANECDOTES OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Mr. George Edwardes, who is very busy just now with preparations for his new production at the Adelphi Theatre, and whose London company opens at Blackpool on Monday in "The Count of Luxembourg," tells the following funny story.

In a Gaiety play some years ago, a special part was written for Mr. Edmund Payne, the well-known Gaiety favourite, and as Mr. Payne, as everybody acquainted with him knows (though he himself does not) has a fairly well developed lisp, this was introduced into the part.

Mr. Edwardes handed the script to Mr. Payne, who read it attentively; and "Gaiety George" was not a little amused when the great little comedian observed in all seriousness:

"Thplendid, Guv'nor, thplendid! But thurely it ithn't nethethary to play it with a *lithp*, ith it?"

* * *

HAUNTED BY HUMAN SKULL.

Worsley Hall, Lord Ellesmere's Lancashire seat, has borne for generations the reputation of being haunted by a human skull, and this grisly relic may, it is said, still be seen in a recess near the staircase.

The library at his lordship's residence in London, Bridgwater House, includes the famous manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales" known as the "Ellesmere Chaucer," an original issue of Shakespeare's "Sonnets."

* * *

"THIRTY-SIX FEET OF DAUGHTERS."

Archdeacon Sinclair is a magnificent specimen of manhood. He stands considerably over six feet in height, and is broad in proportion, while he carries himself in such a way that when he first went to St. Paul's a City policeman remarked, "He ought to be one of us." His inches are hereditary. His very tall father was the fifth son of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, who was one of fifteen children, the shortest of whom was six feet in height, while the tallest reached the exceptional measurement of six feet seven inches.

When George III. was at Holyrood Sir John Sinclair presented his six girls to the King as "thirty-six feet of daughters."

* * *

Lord Minto has been spoken of as probably the finest all round sportsman in the peerage. As a young man at Cambridge, he was so devoted to sport that he took his degree in a riding costume covered by an academic gown, and immediately after the ceremony he leaped into the saddle and galloped off to the racecourse, where he arrived just in time to win the University Steeplechase.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated: and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

Rapid Physical Development

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

A Kicking Exercise.

There are occasions when a man wants to be able to deliver a powerful, well-directed kick—it may be to a reptile (human) or merely a football.

The exercise here illustrated is admirable for increasing your propulsive power in your legs, and if you persevere with it you will eventually be able to kick like a mule.

The illustration pretty well explains itself, but one or two points may be mentioned.

To derive the full benefit of the exercise it is essential that the leg should be fully contracted, and therefore the heel of the bent leg should be pressed hard against the back of the other thigh.

The leg should be sharply contracted, and as sharply shot out to the front.

At first you will find it difficult to keep your balance, and incidentally this is a very good exercise for making you firm on your "pins," and giving you an easy and graceful carriage.

The shoulders should be kept pressed well back, and the upper part of the body must not be allowed to sway or bend when kicking.

The exercise is of particular use to "Soccer" backs who have frequently to kick the ball on the volley, when a weak leg muscle may easily be strained or even snapped.

It is understood, of course, that the exercise is performed on each leg alternately.

Chest Expansion.

A correspondent asks me to tell him how to expand his chest? He must, I think, be a new reader, as I have repeatedly given chest developing movements.

However, let me tell him, as I have told others, that the foundation of chest development is lung development.

It is little or no use setting to work to raise large pectoral and other chest muscles unless the lungs are regularly exercised, and the best exercise for the lungs is deep breathing.

Deep breathing is so often performed wrongly that I will here give the correct method:

Inhale through the nostrils for from four to eight seconds until you feel that the lungs are fully inflated. Hold the breath for three or four seconds and then exhale, taking five seconds to allow the air to escape from the lungs.

The following exercise will help you to get a full and deep inhalation or inspiration.

Stand with the hands by the sides, then raise them slowly in front of the body, keeping the arms straight until the hands are over the head. During this movement you should be inhaling all the time.

Continuing to inhale, press the arms right back and then bring them slowly down to the sides. During the latter part of the movement the shoulders should be pressed back hard and the chest deepened as much as possible. But don't set the muscles in an endeavour to make the chest look broad.

Deep breathing should be practised, if possible, in the open air, and, in any case, in a well-ventilated room.

At first you will find a minute or two of deep breathing sufficiently tiring, but you should soon be able to work up between five and ten minutes.

Some Training Hints.

H.M. (Bromley Common) asks for some training hints. My space is running short, so I will only say that the best preliminary training for developing the stamina essential to the miler or half-miler is moderate road work, running and walking, but more walking than running.

As regards track training the aspirant should on no account go the full distance at racing pace more than once before the event. Indeed, many believe that the full distance should not be covered at all before a race, except at half or three-quarter speed.

Answers to Correspondents.

F.L.G. (Bradford).—6 lb. dumb-bells heavy enough to begin with and there is much advantage in using bells over 10 lb.

R.T. (Hull).—You have been overdoing your exercises and hence your lassitude and nervousness. Time after time have I pointed out that to be beneficial physical culture must be gradual, moderate, and continuous. The object is not to produce huge muscles which have to be "fed," and thus consume nervous and bodily energy, but to build up the whole frame. Take three days rest from your exercises, and then cut them down by at least one-half.

INSURANCE (Chingford).—Says he wants to insure his life but dislikes the idea of the medical examination. He says he has been told that you are made to strip to the "altogether" and to perform extraordinary antics. Well, I cannot answer for the methods of all companies, but at different times I have insured in three different companies and was never asked to do more than strip to my waist, while the examination consisted in sounding my heart and lungs. Insurance companies are not so indifferent to business that they are anxious to make themselves unpopular by subjecting their clients to a unnecessarily severe examination.

S.L. (Cardiff).—"Bee stings" have cured or greatly alleviated severe cases of rheumatism, but, of course, the treatment must be applied under medical advice only. I believe that after the first sting or two there is no pain.

TUMBLED (Norwich).—Your offensive breath and indigestion are quite possibly caused by tartar on the teeth, or decayed teeth. Have your mouth examined by a dentist.

BUTTERFINGERS (Enfield).—Always try to take a ball chest high and with the hands held up cup-fashion and to the chest. If you hold them lower down you lose sight of the ball, while if you hold them higher up and do not quite get the ball you cannot hug it to your chest.

J. McD. (Hampstead).—Measurements very good with exception of neck. See that your neckwear is quite easy, even loose, and five minutes morning and night practice bending the head backwards and sideways and stretching it upwards.

A.C. (Manchester).—Write to the St. Settef Institute (Dept. M.), Perth, N.B. They will supply your wants.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF BEING TALL

is suggested in the accompanying sketch. There are many others which will occur to you. Height is essential for success in business, in sport and in social life.

Formerly a man had to be content with the height which nature gave him, but now he can easily make himself tall by means of my system. It is the artificial conditions of modern life that stunt the growth; my exercises counteract these drawbacks and give you the height and physique which would have been yours if you had lived a natural outdoor life.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. No drugs, no appliances, no dieting. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height,
(Dept. M), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

BOXING, JUJITSU, WEIGHT LIFTING AND EXERCISES

to make and keep you fit, taught privately, and in classes, by Prof. Vernon Smith (Instructor Hon. Artillery Co., etc.), Shepherd's Bush (next Empire), London, W. Illustrated booklet and terms (moderate) 2d. Postal instruction also given.

INCREASED STRENGTH of Will-Power and Personality is yours by taking up the Settef Course of Will-Culture. (Entered at Stationers' Hall). Your Will-Power will be developed to double its present strength in a few months. Your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control and Personal Magnetism will also be increased. YOU WILL RISE IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE MEN AND WOMEN YOU MEET. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting Lessons) is only 2/6 (foreign postage 6d. extra). THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course sent in plain, securely sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—"Modern Man" recommends our Course (see issue dated June 5th).

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING: READERS AND THE FREE EXCHANGE BUREAU.

The only stipulation which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its free Exchange Bureau, established for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

CARE OF TYRES.

Now that the season, at any rate as regards butterfly riders, is half over, many will notice with regret that their tyres are showing signs of distress, and on working out the mileage, will ruefully think of the advertisements of the respective makers where riders testify to having used a tyre for 5,000 miles or so.

I have no hesitation in saying that although the tyres are the most vulnerable part of a motor cycle, and represent the biggest item in the upkeep, they are the part that gets the least attention.

As long as they hold air they are consistently neglected until the inevitable day comes when they are discarded, prematurely worn out through the want of a little common care. When you take delivery of your new mount one of the first things to do is to fit two good nail catchers. A nail rarely pierces the case when picked up; it revolves with the wheel until driven in.

Harmful Substances.

When mending a puncture always find the hole in the cover, however small, and take an early opportunity of lining it with tyre stopping and patching on the inside with canvas, if at all large. In fact, tyres should be periodically inspected for small cuts, gashes, etc., and repaired with stopping, as this not only minimises the chances of puncture from small flints, but prevents dampness from entering which is fatal to the fabric of the cover.

Other substances harmful to tyres are grease and rust. The former should be removed by a rag soaked in petrol, and rust inside the rims can be eradicated by sand-papering, a recurrence prevented by painting over the place with quick-drying enamel.

There are now on the market one or two kinds of rubber tyre paint, which the makers claim hermetically seal minute holes and also preserve the rubber from the deleterious effects of the sun. Not having tried these preparations I cannot speak as regards their qualities, but the price is reasonable, and the makers' claim seems quite feasible.

Two Great Drawbacks.

Retreaded tyres seldom repay the money spent on them, certainly not on the driving wheel; but if you decide to give it a trial remember to send the tyre whilst it is still in fairly good condition, otherwise you are liable to be confronted with a bill for re-building the tyre in addition to that for retreading.

Steel studded tyres have two great drawbacks—they are very liable to skid on smooth surfaces, such as tarred wood or cobble stones, and in running they generate such great heat that in nearly all cases patches on the inner tube have to be vulcanised, an expensive but necessary precaution. Consequently one sees very few of these sort of tyres, except on three and four wheeled vehicles.

Reverting, however, to the ordinary tyres, I can assure my readers that if the above few hints are carefully followed they will not only materially increase the life and mileage of their tyres, but eliminate as far as is humanly possible that bugbear of all cyclists—the puncture fiend.

The Tram-Line Danger.

For some reason or other tramway companies and tramway authorities seem to have a supreme indifference as to the state of their roads. As a writer in the *Express* pointed out a few days ago, they view with complacency the sinking of the granite setts by the side of the rails, leaving the latter projecting often as much as two or three inches above the level of the road. They do not seem to care a bit whether the points, by constant use, get so wide as to prove a veritable death-trap to cyclists, and all they do if complaint is made to them is to promise amendment at some future date which works in with their convenience.

In the past no very strenuous efforts have been made to bring tramway authorities to a sense of their responsibility in regard to the dangers of badly kept tram lines, but it is pleasing to hear that the National Cyclists' Union intend to institute a very strong campaign in this direction. Anyone therefore who comes across a faulty piece of tram-line is requested to notify immediately either the secretary of the centre of the Union in which district the line is, or the general secretary of the Union, at 27, Chancery Lane, E.C., giving particulars and indicating the precise locality.

Keep a Look-out.

An inspection will then at once be made, and if in the opinion of the inspector the line is in a dangerous state for cyclists, the matter will be taken up with the tramway authorities in no uncertain manner. It therefore remains for individual cyclists to keep a look-out for these dangerous patches and to notify the Union secretaries immediately.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Humber, 3½ h.p. (remodel) chain drive, running order, for sale; £5; quick.—32, Llanbleddian Gardens, Cardiff.

Ariel, 1911, 3½ h.p., accumulator, Dunlop tyres, £37. Motor Box 11, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bat, J.A.P. 8 h.p., lately overhauled, £35.—Motor Box 12, "Modern Man" (as above).

Clyno, 1912, and side-car, used very little, £60.—Motor Box 13, "Modern Man" (as above).

B.S.A. 3½ h.p., two-speed, free-engine, £45.—Motor Box 14, "Modern Man" (as above).

Enfield, 2¾ twin, free-engine, all spares, Lucas lamp, £39.—Motor Box 15, "Modern Man" (as above).

Humber, 1912, 3½ h.p., two-speed, £45. Also side-car for sale.—Motor Box 16, "Modern Man" (as above).

N.S.U. 3 h.p. two-speeds, spring frame, two accumulators, what offers.—Motor Box 17, "Modern Man" (as above).

N.S.U., 3½ h.p., Magneto, spring forks, spares and accessories, £25.—Motor Box 18, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rex 5-6 h.p., Bosch magneto, tyres as new, £27 10s.—Motor Box 19, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rudge, free-engine, only ridden 200 miles, £34.; or will exchange with cash for higher-power machine.—Motor Box 20, "Modern Man" (as above).

Scott, 1912, very little used; accept first reasonable offer.—Motor Box 21, "Modern Man" (as above).

Triumph, 1911, free-engine, speedometer, £38.—Motor Box 22, "Modern Man" (as above).

Exchange miniature rifle for 26 in. motor-cycle speedometer.—Whitelock, Bromham, Branksome, Bournemouth.

Clement 2 h.p. 1912, B. and B. cylinder, rebored, new piston; good climber; nearest £10.—Motor Box 23. "Modern Man" (as above).

CYCLES.

Wanted, semi-road racer, exchange, £4 4s., nickel and aluminium concert zither mandoline.—Wm. Blackwell, 48, Belgravia Road, N.E. Portsmouth.

All-steel Raleigh; speed-gear; splendid condition; for sale.—Offers to Cycle Box 5, "Modern Man" (as above).

Lady's cycle, 24 in. frame, Dunlop tyres, Perry free wheel.—Cycle Box 6, "Modern Man" (as above).

Ilixum (Gent.'s) for sale, with lamp, pump, and spanners, £2 15s.—Cycle Box 7, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rover, 3-speed Coaster, 26 in. frame; good machine; been neglected, 50s.—J. Gerrard, London House, West Houghton, Lancs.

This season's Royal Enfield cycle (new), with cash, given for motor cycle.—Cycle Box 8, "Modern Man" (as above)

A 26 in. Centaur (M. M. prize) cycle; only ridden few times sell £4 10s.—F. M. Dalton, 55, Aston Street, Bromley, Leeds.

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

_____

_____

_____

Name and Address_____

_____

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The tired nineteen day account is nearly at an end, and afterwards we shall see rises in nearly all departments.

* * *

Rails especially are ready for the upward turn, and Oil, Rubber and Tin shares are only waiting for the speculator and small investor to return from his holidays.

* * *

Some of the Railway traffic returns are beginning to show big increases:—

	Increase for week.
Great Northern	£12,000
Great Western	36,000
Midland	35,000
North Eastern	15,056
North Western	30,000
Great Eastern	7,000
South Western	6,000
South Eastern and Chatham ...	7,141

* * *

For the small investor I strongly recommend Districts, Great Northern deferred, Great Eastern and South Eastern deferred.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics have been very active during the past week. Reports as to a fresh issue of capital are conflicting, but the shares are still talked to 300.

* * *

Grand Trunks are still marking time, and Mexican Rails have dropped after their recent rise.

* * *

Among Industrials, Associated Cement Ordinary are worth purchasing at about £9, and George Newnes, Ltd., Ordinary are cheap at present price. The directors have just declared a 10 per cent. dividend on the ordinary.

* * *

The Rubber share market has tended to improve, encouraged by the latest crop returns. An autumn boom is certain.

* * *

Investors should pick up a few Anglo Malay, Linggi and Vallambrosa for a substantial rise.

* * *

I strongly advise all my readers to take a hand in the oil blaze; it is coming as sure as Christmas, and there will be some big profits going.

* * *

Any readers wishing to speculate or invest in Oils should write me with particulars of the amount they have at their disposal, and I will advise them accordingly the shares to deal in.

* * *

Let me give you the name of a reliable stockbroker if you are not already dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange.

* * *

Nigerian Tin shares are again showing signs of activity, and Anglo-Continentals look like becoming the lively speculative favourite once more, but they are dangerous for the outsider to deal in.

* * *

Naraguta are being tipped in market circles, but most of the quoted shares are at bottom, and a few Bischi, N. Nigeria Bauchi Ord., Nigeria Tin Corporation or Rayfields are "certs." for a good profit if bought now.

* * *

The Kaffir list made a desperate attempt to improve the look of things last week, but dismally failed, prices generally having fallen back.

* * *

The market has a tremendous lot of shares to work off on to the public, but I warn my readers to leave South African and Rhodesians severely alone, or they will get badly bitten.

* * *

The following extract from last Thursday's issue of the *Daily Mail* should be of interest to my readers:—

"Many people do not yet realise how much they have lost by the depreciation of Consols. They receive their dividends and do not trouble to count up their capital. Especially is this the case with the small investor who has had his Post Office savings put into Consols. To him, when he discovers the loss, the Controller writes in this form:—

I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that when a depositor employs the Post Office to purchase stock for him he stands to lose or gain by the transaction just as he would if he engaged a stockbroker to do the business for him.

It is a matter of common knowledge that there is an element of risk and uncertainty in all stock transactions, and you will readily understand that when a depositor applies to invest in stock the Post-Office is obliged to assume that he knows what he is doing. By converting his deposits into Government stock he is taking a risk which may mean loss or gain in capital.

Neither the Postmaster-General nor his officers can undertake to advise depositors as to their transactions, but I may remind you that so long as you hold the stock your income from that source is not touched. The State guarantees a fixed dividend on your investment, and the dividend is not affected by any depreciation of prices. Just now there is an upward tendency in prices.

"All this is a perfectly correct statement of the case, but it makes the position of the small investor, who has awakened to his loss, none the less hard."

BRIEF REPLIES.

J. H. (Leeds).—I am afraid there is no chance whatever of your recovering any money from the wreck.

JONES (Edinburgh).—Send me all your papers and I will deal with the matter.

E. B. (Balham).—The Ideal Policy issued by The City Life Assurance, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., will serve your purpose admirably.

F. E. (Hertford).—The Grand Trunk Railway Report was issued last Friday.

C. G. (Harrow).—Do not touch Mexican issues until the revolution is over.

S. D. (Tunbridge Wells).—You should buy Metropolitan District, Great Eastern, and Great Northern Deferred.

SHOPKEEPER (Brighton).—Farrow's Bank is quite safe, and should be very useful to you.

HARRY (Stratford).—Experts speak well of the Galician Oil Lands And Royalties Trust, Limited.

J. R. (Liverpool).—Write again to the National Share Exchange, and if you do not get a reply send all correspondence to us.

A. R. (Stockport).—Have nothing to do with Bucket Shops.

YOUNG MAN (Manchester).—Write to Hapgoods, Limited; they may be able to help you.

E. BROWN (Sussex).—You are responsible for all the instalments.

H. L. (Slough).—The company is now in liquidation. Write to the Receiver for the Debenture Holders.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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When replying to Advertisements, please don't forget to mention "Modern Man."

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

W.G.L. (Hanley, Staffs.).—Write to Crown Agents for the Colonies, London, S.W. Good luck to you, should you go!

FIRI (Oldham).—Has been secretary to a football club that was broken up last season for want of funds and is now threatened with a summons for a small debt owing by the club. He wants to know if he is liable for it? Not unless he ordered the goods, not as secretary of the club, but as a private individual. If he acted by direction of the members, he is only jointly liable with them.

S.T. (Bristol).—Inquires the meaning of the following letters after a name (1) F.C.I.S.; (2) D.C.L.; (3) F.S.H.? The answer is—(1) don't know; (2) Doctor of Civil Law; (3) don't know. He says that he himself is studying for M.G.I. We regret that our ignorance is such that we won't know what these letters stand for either.—In further reply to S.T. Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society are elected without examination.

FRED B. (Newcastle).—Members of the Football Association Council are unpaid.

L.L.R. (Wrexham).—The holder of the Amateur Boxing Championship does not compete in the qualifying rounds. We rather agree with you that it is a mistake to have judges in addition to a referee.

"V.C."—(Blackpool).—Certainly a posthumous V.C. may be conferred upon a hero who dies before it is actually awarded to him, and in this case it becomes the property of the deceased's nearest relative. Lord Roberts, for example, always wears in addition to his own V.C., the posthumous Cross awarded to his son, Lieut. Roberts, R.A. You are incorrect in saying that a holder of a V.C. is entitled to a pension of £50 a year. He is, if a soldier, entitled to a pension or annuity of £10, which may be increased up to £50 a year should he have left the Army, and be wholly or partially incapable of earning his own living.

"BOB" (Chelmsford).—An army sergeant in receipt of pension can commute it at a rate which varies from, roughly, £12 to £3 per £1 of pension, according to his age. For instance, if he is between 40 and 41 years of age, he can commute £1 a year of his pension for, roughly, £12 cash down.

C.M.R. (Bradford).—We are not sure of the exact remuneration received by a barrister's clerk, but we believe it is about 2s. in every guinea marked on his master's brief. Thus the clerk of a successful barrister may easily earn from £500 to £1,000 a year, and in exceptional cases, even more.

T.A. (West Kensington).—The *whole* of the ball must be over the line for a goal to be scored. In other words, there must be daylight between the line and the ball.

D.C. (Peckham Rye).—Inquires whether it is permissible to drink the King's health in water? Certainly. The late King made a special notification to this effect.

"ETIQUETTE" (Scarborough).—Also propounds a question connected with the drinking of healths. Is it usual, he asks, at a dinner, to drink to the health of your host and hostess when taking your first glass of wine. Not unless the dinner is in honour of some special occasion, such as the birthday of your host or hostess, and even then the formal drinking of his or her health is usually postponed till the dessert has been placed on the table.

A.K.B. (Manchester).—The D.S.O. is not necessarily awarded for gallantry in the field, but can be earned only on active service. In the Boer War, for example, many regimental adjutants got the D.S.O., but more for general good work than for any specific act of bravery. The D.S.O. is for officers only, the corresponding decoration for the rank and file being the D.C.M., or Distinguished Conduct Medal.

L.G. (Barry Docks).—Yes, National Tailoring Co., 144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

TROUSER (Norwich).—A neat stretcher and press is made by the Simplex Manufacturing Co., 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

UP-TO-DATE.

Mr. Smith's School of Arms and Physical Exercises, at Shepherds Bush (next the Empire), is one of the finest in London.

It is admirably equipped with a boxing ring, wrestling mats, punch-balls and bag, and a complete set of weights, totalling about 1,200lbs.

Those who desire to learn boxing, jiu-jitsu, wrestling (catch-can and Græco-Roman), etc., or be made and kept physically fit, cannot do better than write for Prof. Vernon Smith's illustrated booklet and terms (2d.), or call. Tuition is given privately, in classes or by post.

WEAR AND TEAR.

"Talk about pessimists," said the man who sells farm implements. "I ran across an old farmer the other day who was pretty near the limit. He had been grumbling about the condition of things generally, and I thought I'd show him that he was better off than he supposed himself to be.

"'You've had good prices all the year, I understand,' I said.

"'Pretty good,' he grudgingly admitted.

"'In fact, prices are as high as you could reasonably expect,' I remarked.

"'Well, m'yes,' he agreed.

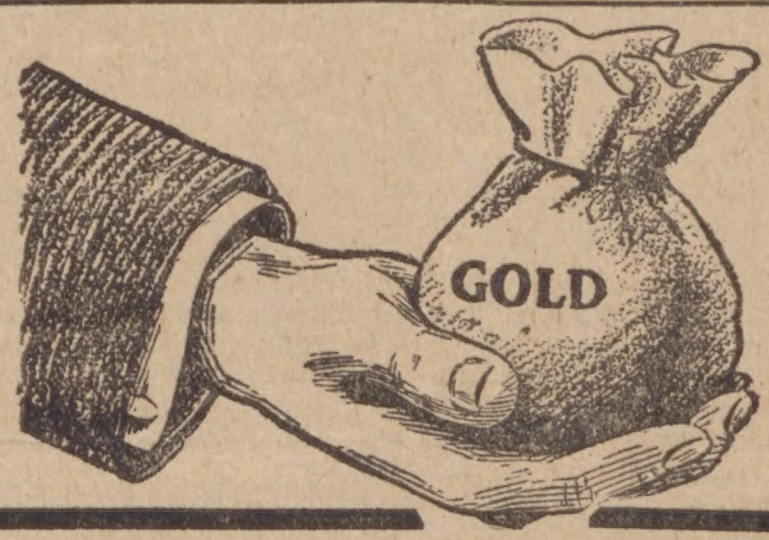
"'And,' I continued, triumphantly, 'you've grown the biggest crops you ever did?'

"'What if I did?' he argued. 'Cant ye see that the bloomin' soil gets used up all the quicker?'"

HER HAT.

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "now that you've seen my new hat you simply can't regret that I got it. Isn't it just a poem?"

"Well, if it is," replied George, "I suppose the proper title for it would be 'Owed to a Milliner.'"



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ALBERT H. M. HARDING, Derby.

Now put a mark against the course that interests you. Without putting you under the least obligation we will send you all details showing the prospects:—how a beginner can succeed, how well-paid situations can be obtained, references to students in *your own* district, the time necessary for home-study, and other information.

Get these valuable facts without delay—do not miss this splendid wage-increasing opportunity.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

RUNNERS, THEIR FORM, AND SELECTIONS.

By THE "OLD HAND."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Last week I wrote that if Lomond proved successful in the Brighton Cup we should have to take him into account for the St. Leger, and although he failed to concede weight, to say nothing of condition to Etheric, it was only by a head, and I still think he holds a chance at Doncaster.

One thing I am certain of is that he cannot be classed with others of his age as moderate, and I shall hold to the view that I have all along expressed, that he is a real good one, and my view will be upheld before the close of this season—make no mistake about it.

I do not want readers to form the opinion that I am at all biassed, but I cannot get away from the conviction that when thoroughly fit, Mr. Hulton's colt will slam everything that comes up against him.

Hard to Beat.

We have several good races set for decision this week, by no means the least interesting of which is the £500 handicap at Nottingham to-day.

Dorando heads the list of entries with 9st., his weight having been raised 3lbs. His Majesty's representative has more than useful form to his credit this season, and is sure to take a lot of beating. Of those that can measure strides with him in this race, he has already met and beaten Outram, Dalnacrag, Royal Mail, All Gold and Kosciusko. All these finished behind him in the Duke of Cambridge handicap, his nearest attendant being Outram, who, in receipt of 23lbs., was beaten half a length. He now gets 1lb. more, but that is not sufficient to enable him to turn the tables. Dalnacrag received 5lbs. and finished fifth; he now gets 14lbs., and at that difference in the weights appears to hold a good chance. All Gold only had 1lb. the best of the weights at Newmarket, whereas he now gets 10lbs., but he was well beaten, as I should say he will be again. Royal Mail gets 7lbs. more than previously, but that won't help him much. Kosciusko ran well over this distance early in the season, but has disappointed since and cannot have a good word from me for this race. Next to Dorando comes Brancepeth, who was well backed when beaten by Cap and Gown in the Ellesmere Stakes.

Castleton's Weight.

He will be better suited by this distance than the eleven furlongs at Newmarket. Lower down in the handicap we come to Castleton, who is in with the nice racing weight of 7st. 12lb. This colt is very fast from the gate, and can maintain his speed for some distance, though I doubt if he can keep it up for a mile. I should be more inclined to back him for a six furlong event than any other. I do not see anything else in the race worth mentioning, and, providing he goes to the post, I should rely on

DORANDO,

who represents the best bet of the week. Failing him, I should take Dalnacrag as next best.

Selections:—

NOTTINGHAM—Monday.

Clifton Selling Plate: GOEMON.
Bentinct Plate: QUESTA II.
Nottinghamshire Handicap: (See above).

NOTTINGHAM—Tuesday.

Welbeck Handicap: UNCLE PAT.
Bestwood Plate: ELECTION.

FOLKESTONE—Monday.

Romney Welter Handicap: SCION.
Hythe Juvenile Maiden Plate: JOURNEYMAN.
Kent Handicap: RED SHAH.
Apprentice Plate: CHANTON.

FOLKESTONE—Tuesday.

Folkestone Handicap: BUTCHER BIRD.
Cinque Ports Welter Handicap: VESTA
Moderate Welter Plate: MONTECELLO.
Saltwood T.Y.O. Plate: ARDOCK.

KEMPTON—Wednesday.

Greenwood Welter Handicap: WARFARE.
Apprentices Plate: MUSTAPHA.
Bedfont Plate: AMERONGEN.

KEMPTON—Thursday.

Princess Plate: ASK PAPA.
Maiden T.Y.O. Plate: FAIRY KING.
Teddington Selling Welter Handicap: DUTCH COURAGE.

REDCAR—Wednesday.

Skelton Selling Welter Handicap: MERCURY.
Coatham Handicap: BUCKSTEAD.
Upleasham Welter Handicap: EARLY HOPE.

REDCAR—Thursday.

Zetland Maiden Handicap: CAMILLE'S MINT.
Sands Hill Selling Handicap: FABIAN WAY.

WINDSOR—Friday.

Castle Handicap: WARLINGHAM.
Manor Maiden Plate: KOSMOS COLT.
Club T.Y.O. Plate: QUEEN'S MAN.

WINDSOR—Saturday.

Flying Handicap: RADIANCY.
Meadow Welter Handicap: GRAYLING IV.

AWAITING HIS CHANCE.

He was an old Highland crofter, and for several years he had regularly paid the premium on a £50 fire insurance which he held over his cow and other live stock.

The day came at last when he presented himself at the office of the company and demanded payment of the amount insured. Very naturally the official in charge inquired how the cow came to be burned.

"She wasna burned," said Tonal, indignantly; "she was deid, for she ate a pot o' green paint!"

It took a considerable deal of doing, but at last the officer in charge managed to persuade Tonal to forego his claim, and he went ruefully away.

Two years passed before the office saw the worthy crofter again. Then he was clad in deep mourning, and he advanced to the counter, holding in his hand the old lapsed policy. He thumped the document on the counter.

"There," he said, with emphasis, "ye may ha'e been richt aboot the coo; but A've got ye this time, ma bonnie chiel; an' ye canna wriggle oot o' it! Ma faither's deid!"

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A LEGAL POINT.

There was a case in the county court the other day of sartorial interest.

A ladies' tailor sued a customer for the value of a costume supplied. The defence was the usual one, viz., that the costume was not according to order, and was a misfit.

Under cross-examination the lady admitted that she had walked out in the dress, whereupon the judge gave judgment for the plaintiff, remarking that while the lady was entitled to try on a dress and then return it if dissatisfied, the moment she walked out in it it became her property.

This was a feminine case, but no doubt the same rule applies to men's clothes; so it is just as well to be sure that you are satisfied with your new suit before taking your walks abroad in it.

TRYING-ON HINTS.

When considering your verdict on a new suit it is chiefly the coat that matters, and is most difficult to judge. You can tell at once if the trousers are too short or too long, too tight or too loose, while any deficiencies in the waistcoat are also soon apparent; but the coat that looks all right when you are standing up may be all wrong when you sit down.

You particularly want to see the back of the coat for a very common defect of the ill-made coat is that the collar "rides up" when you sit down, stoop or move your arms. Therefore if you cannot arrange mirrors so as to obtain a back view of yourself, have a pal in to cast a critical eye over you.

Don't forget to try the coat buttoned and unbuttoned. The lapel that "sits" well when the coat is buttoned may be ill-fitting when the coat is loose, and *vice versa*.

The collar should not ride up when you crook your elbow. Of course you will have been through the final trying-on process at your tailors, but some tailors have a way of pulling an ill-fitting garment about until it looks all right for the moment.

PITY THE ARMY OFFICER.

The Army is to have a new head-dress of the shako pattern worn about sixty years ago. This means more expense for the luckless officer.

Of course, you will have been through the final trying-on mitted to wear out the existing head-dress—this privilege is always granted when a new article of uniform is hatched out by the War Office Dress Committee, which is about once a month, for this is the only really busy War Office department; but in practice the concession is practically valueless.

No Commanding Officer likes to see half his officers dressed one way and the other half another—the new comers, of course, have the latest pattern—and so pressure is put on officers to sacrifice the article of equipment or uniform that they nominally have a right to wear out, and to fall into line with the new regulations.

I've "had some," thank you very much.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. McH. (Ballina) has bought a piece of vicuna cloth, intends to have it made up into a lounge suit and propounds various questions.

Should he leave the cut to the tailor? Yes, if he has confidence in him.

Do I advise him to get a slightly peg-top trouser with a turned-up bottom, as he prefers this to plain leg? Yes, though strictly speaking peg-top trousers should not have turn-ups.

Would it be correct to wear low black shoes with plain black socks? Yes, though brown shoes are perhaps preferable, while the socks would be improved by unobtrusive "clocks."

Lastly, what shades in ties and cap would suit, his hair and complexion being fair?

The cap should either be an exact match to the suit or in marked contrast to it.

I should have liked to know the colour of the suit; but in general terms light blue and most shades of green are becoming to fair persons, who, on the other hand should avoid red, yellow and violet.

Thus if the suit is grey the cap should either be the same shade or something quite different.

A black and white check cap forms an excellent foil to most tweed and flannel suits.

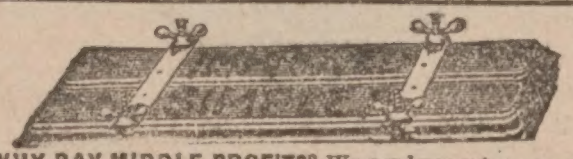
SHOCKED OUT-OF-WORK.

An out-of-work walking along a London street the other day caught sight of a sign hanging outside a bookstall where a sale of stock was taking place. It read as follows:—

"Dickens' Works: All this week at 10s."

He stared at it in amazement, and then exclaimed in loud tones: "Begorra? The dirty hound; them's the sort as kapes a dacent man out of work!"

A 12/6 PRESS FOR 5/9.



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